

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability; to every one according to his needs.

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Photograph by Byron.

THE LAST GOOD-BYS FROM THE DOCK.

WHEN THE NOVICE GOES TO SEA.

BY JOHN R. SPEARS.

ON a certain day early in the summer of last year, a charming young matron in a Delaware Avenue boarding-house, while seated at the dinner-table, managed to fill all the other ladies present with consuming jealousy by announcing that she and "Jack" were going to "spend his vacation in a trip to Europe." Then she turned to an elderly gentleman who, because of his experiences and tastes, was known as "the old salt," and said:

"I'm going to tease you to tell me everything I don't know about the voyage, so I shall not appear so awfully green among

the other passengers, you know. Will you be good-natured?"

"How could I be otherwise at your request?" he replied, with a twinkle in his eyes. "Shall I begin now? It will be a pleasure. Let me see, you went to Bar Harbor last summer, and took the boat from Boston, didn't you? So I remember. And the year before, you went up the lake to—was it Cleveland or Detroit? Eh? Duluth? That's so. How stupid of me to forget. Well, then, after considering the amount of experience you have had in steamers, the most important advice I can

NOTE.—In view of the fact that some tens of thousands of Americans will be making their first voyage to Europe during the Paris Exposition, Mr. Spears was requested to put into a brief article such information as would be likely to be of service to those unfamiliar with ocean travel. The article here given was written in compliance with this request.

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give you is that you confess your entire ignorance of ships and travel whenever you happen to meet anybody of experience anywhere in the course of the trip. Having done that, you will feel free to ask questions."

That was not a very gallant reply, perhaps, but it was helpful. The first mental requisite to an enjoyable voyage to Europe is the ability to ask, in pleasing fashion, for all sorts of information from those likely to be able to give it. People afraid of appearing green invariably miss half the good of the journeys they make.

Unfortunately, however, some people are



Photograph by Byron.

"WE'RE REALLY OFF!"

naturally so shy or bashful that the discomfort of ignorance is less than the discomfort of asking questions of strangers, and for the benefit of such as these some information shall be given out of the experience of several old travelers—information that may be worth the especial attention of those making a first oversea voyage.

In natural sequence, the

choice of ships comes first of all; and in this, two or three considerations are commonly paramount. The first is as to the style of cooking and serving the food. You are sure to be seasick, but also equally



Photograph by Byron.

ALAS!

sure to recover before the end of even a six-day passage. When your appetite is afutter, will you have your food served to suit the taste of a German, a Frenchman, an Englishman or an American? You can have almost anything you can think of on any first-class steamer, but there are, nevertheless, differences in serving food, and they are of importance in any sea-voyage. Old travelers—commercial men who make the Atlantic passage from six to ten times a year—not infrequently come to a point where they even select one

heard across the deck—make people of other nationalities uncomfortable. I remember reading in the "Cornhill Magazine" about the experience of an Atlantic traveler, wherein he tells of the smiles he "couldn't help at some rather startling Americanisms" of a "pretty American girl" seated on the opposite side of the table, en route to New York. She said "vurry" instead of very, for one thing! Quiet people cannot be sure of wholly escaping such insolence as this of the British traveler, by choosing any particular



Photograph by Eyren.

THE LITTLE FOLKS ENJOY THEMSELVES.

ship out of their favorite line for every voyage they make.

The port of destination is something, too. If you will go to a certain city with as little inconvenience as possible, choose the line that lands you near it. On the other hand, if one wants to get glimpses of many towns and much foreign territory, en route to his destination on the Continent, he can choose a line that lands him farther away and can cover the intermediate space by rail and by inland or channel steamers, at small if any increase of cost.

Ardent patriots sometimes choose a ship because of the flag she flies, and then by looks and bearing—even by words that are

flag, and aggressive patriots need no advice here or elsewhere. The style of food and the port of destination should govern in the choice.

But the choice of route is only a beginning. Even well-to-do people may very well consider whether they will go first- or second-class, and single men may include the third class or steerage, also. Families, too, though in moderate circumstances, might make the voyage to Europe in comfort and get quite as much education and recreation out of it as their richer neighbors, if choice were made of those swift ships of the first class that have substituted third-class accommodations for the oldtime



Photograph by Byron.

SOME TOSS THE RINGS.

steerage. Ten or fifteen years ago the steerage was a dirty, if not a vile, place—a dark, ill-ventilated hole wherein the poor immigrants were huddled together much like slaves in the middle passage. In a voyage in this hole, an unfurnished bunk, and enough food (of a kind) to eat, were supplied, and no more. If bedding were wanted, the immigrant must supply himself. Even the mess tins, knives, forks, spoons, et cetera, needed must be furnished by the unfortunate. But now, for twenty-eight dollars each a man and his wife have a clean state-room to themselves, and it is furnished with bunks containing sufficient clean bedding and a woven wire mattress. They may take a couple of steamer-size trunks, or big valises, in it. They eat at tables covered with clean cloths, and are served by waiters dressed in clean clothing. The whole space is well lighted by electricity, and the captain visits it every day to see that it is kept clean and wholesome.



Photograph by Byron.

SOME READ IN QUIET NOOKS.

Four meals are served each day, and here is the bill of fare as served on a Wednesday on one steamer:—

"Breakfast.—Corned-Beef Hash with Potatoes. Fresh Bread. Butter. Tea and Coffee with Milk.

"Dinner.—Noodle Soup. Boiled Beef à la Mode. Turnips. Potatoes. Fresh Bread. Stewed Apples and Rice.

"Tea.—Cold Meat. Pickles. Fresh Bread. Butter. Tea. Marmalade or Jam.

"Supper (8 P.M.).—Cheese. Biscuits. Gruel."

The fare is varied from day to day, but it is never worse than this, and on Sunday there is an extra vegetable or two, and "Plum-Pudding with Sauce; Fresh Fruit."

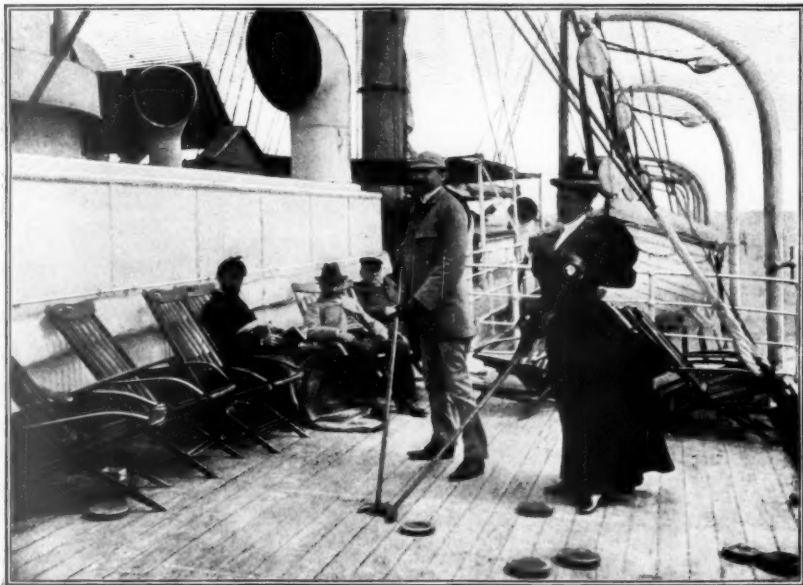
Single women have a separate compartment near the married people, and both these compartments are usually well aft. The single men have a compartment by themselves, and it is usually well forward. The spirit of vanity is sure to be humiliated by the strict rules that confine these passengers to their own quarters, and therefore many people who might, in this fashion, visit what is best worth seeing in



Photograph by Byron.
SOME PAY CALLS.

Europe, are wholly deprived of that benefit and pleasure. When one can travel in clean and decent fashion for less than a cent a mile, with food and lodging thrown in, the proposition is, however, worth consideration.

A second-cabin passage is to the first cabin what a seat in a chair-car is to one in a Pullman when traveling on shore.



Photograph by Byron.

SOME PLAY AT SHOVEL-BOARD.



Photograph by Eyron.

MANY A FLIRTATION BEGINS AT THE COMPASS.

The cost from New York to a European port varies from forty dollars to forty-five dollars according to the season and the ship. In the crowded season for first-class passengers, one may often be more comfortable in the second cabin because there is more room there. At any rate, a two-dollar tip in the second cabin will then buy more attention there than five or even ten dollars will in the first cabin. It is certain that no family living on a farm or in an ordinary country village sets a better table than that of the second cabin, and only the best hotels and the wealthiest families of the larger cities can boast of doing so. And the price is less than two cents a mile for the voyage.

Of course, the first cabin does not belie its name. It is far and away superior to the sleeping-car of the railroads, in spite of the dining-cars, and observation-compartments inclosed in plate glass, that are found on an overland journey. If one can afford, say, six hundred dollars or seven hundred dollars, he may have to himself a suite of rooms, including a private bath, all located on the roof-garden of the most

magnificent floating hotel yet conceived by the mind of naval architects. The man who can really afford that, needs no advice here. The man who buys it when not able to do so, is beyond advice.



Photograph by Eyron.

OR IN A CORNER OF THE BRIDGE.

When a novice has selected a ship, and is buying a passage ticket, the ship's agent will spread before him a printed plan of the deck on which the price paid will place him. He then learns that for the price of a single passage he gets a berth in a state-room that has at least two berths in it. He must share his state-room with a stranger. Of course, single women are put in state-rooms together, but the lone bachelor girl, as well as the bachelor man, must always accept the company of another one—at least in the busy season. As the two bunks stand one above the other, the next question is,



Photograph by Ryron.
A BRACING WALK BEFORE DINNER.

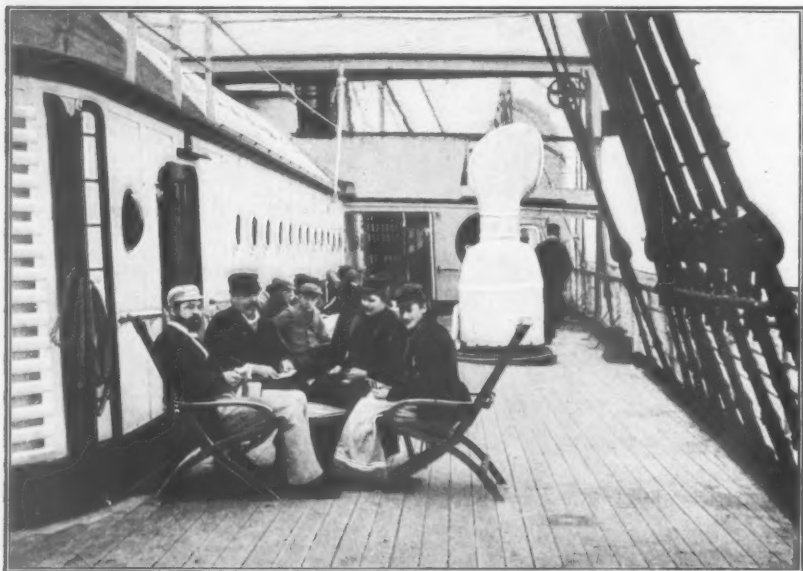
will you take the upper or the lower one?

Of course, it is often troublesome to climb into the upper bunk, especially if the ship is in a cross sea. And if one should get pitched out of the upper bunk (something that has been known to happen), it would not be pleasant to ricochet against the opposite bulkhead and drop on deck with a dull thud. Nevertheless, the light and ventilation are usually better in the upper berth; and then, it is much more comfortable to be well above the other fellow when he is seasick.

The amount of baggage that may be taken in a state-room



Photograph by Ryron. A WELCOME SOUND—"THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND."



Photograph by Byron.

A FRIENDLY GAME—FIRST CABIN.

is limited by its size, but each passenger is supposed to carry there a "steamer-trunk"—a trunk of small size on the floor and not to exceed thirteen inches in height—together with one valise and a small grip containing combs, brushes, manicure set, et cetera. One may without great inconvenience carry an extra valise—say a dress-suit case—in his bunk. A family occupying a state-room may cover the floor with trunks and valises if so inclined—but they'll wish they hadn't when the ship begins to tumble things around.

Two medium-sized trunks ("twenty cubic feet") may be carried free in addition to the baggage in the state-room, but these are always stowed in the baggage-room, and are to be reached only in fair weather, and by favor. Since the allowance of free baggage on the European railways is ordinarily but fifty pounds, and the cost of extra weight is enormous there, the traveler on his first voyage may very well consider whether it is worth while to carry anything more than is necessary for his comfort. I should like to say a word about the baggage for the return home—about the buying of trophies of travel in foreign countries—only I know that no

novice would heed it. But on one point regarding baggage, especial emphasis should be laid: if the trunks taken abroad are to be brought home, they should be well made, and arranged to open easily and conveniently for the inspection by customs officials. On the other hand, people have been known to carry flimsy wooden trunks as far as London in order to buy leather ones made there by manufacturers who have a pride in the quality of their goods—manufacturers who do not count themselves in the infant-industry class.

As to the clothing one should carry, the experienced travelers say that the weather is always colder at sea than on the mountain-tops inland. They always start for Europe prepared for cold and stormy weather. If they do not find a fog to emphasize the disagreeable weather for at least one day in the six, they are astonished. So a storm-cap of some kind, and a good mackintosh, should be carried where they may be reached at any moment, if one is to go on deck at all during the passage. One or two blankets of the kind called "steamer-rugs" add greatly to comfort when sitting on deck.

In former years a "steamer-chair" was



Photograph by Byron.

THE SAME DIVERSION—SECOND CABIN.

essential to the comfort of a cabin passenger. It cost anywhere from two dollars and fifty cents to five dollars, and was supposed to be a most luxurious lounge and a lazy reclining-chair in one, but it so often broke apart the second day out that people of weight were known to rave at the mention of such a thing. Now the leading steamers carry these chairs, made in substantial form, and rent them out at fifty cents each for the voyage.

In the matter of style, one may wear whatever cut of clothes he fancies if he will keep within decent limits. Should a gentleman happen to enter the saloon with no collar around his neck, a polite steward would call his attention to the omission, of course; but should one wish to go to the smoking-room dressed in a high hat, a sack coat, plaid trousers and tan slippers, I think he would escape.

If one may judge by a glance along the promenade-deck, it is the thing to wear yachting-suits. The slender Aphrodite of a maiden and the rotund wife with a visible mustache, feel obliged to have jaunty yachting-caps, and wear blue waists with broad collars trimmed in white. The college "man," and the successful lumberman from the pineries, alike affect these caps,

and short, double-breasted coats. Far be it from me to deprive the old salts of one of the joys of sea-life by suggesting a quiet attire, and yet I must say that if there is anything ridiculous afloat it is the aggressively dressed seasick novice in a wild dash for the rail.

There is no display of "sea-togs" that will give a sailor's bearing to a haymaker's mate, or to the youth from papa's store. The honest old ocean inexorably searches out all pretense and flings it to the winds.

Something may be said about the way to pass the time from day to day. There is, of course, no escape from seasickness, but experience has shown that a proper cleansing of the liver and digestive canal under the direction of one's family physician will be of very great benefit, if it be done just before going afloat.

Once afloat, take what the gods give as smilingly as may be. When you are well enough to stand the smell of any kind of food, let the steward bring a cup of hot coffee to your berth the moment you are awake in the morning. If one is accustomed to tea or a cocktail instead, either may be had, but the old salt takes coffee. And it is right good coffee, too, on the first-class ships. A big, round cracker,



Photograph by Byron.

A LAZY HOUR—FIRST CABIN.

white and crisp, comes with it. A whiff of tobacco after these is comforting to the heart of man, while his wife can curl down in the pillows for another nap.

A bath in warm salt water comes, or should come, next, in either cabin; and after that a turn on deck for the benefit of a salt-sea breath, even though it be laden with salt-sea spray. To a healthy old salt, the time between waking and the end of the after-breakfast smoke is the most enjoyable part of the day. He then invariably feels as if he could shin up a backstay to put his cap over the main truck.

How the time shall be passed between breakfast and luncheon—say a space of four or five hours—is a question that each must solve for himself, but the main object always is to find something agreeable to do. If one has the right company, the matter is settled. It is a poor stick of an old salt who cannot remember half-days that were all too short, though they left him feeling like that old god who was chained where the golden apples forever waved just beyond his reach.

The lone man usually finds time hanging heavy on his hands very soon after break-

fast is over. If at all given to card-playing, he will find a warm welcome in the smoking-room. Certainly there are other games than draw-poker. Whist seems to be the favorite card-game aside from "draw." Chess is a better game yet to the taste of those who would choose solitude to be shared with one other and no more, though checkers need not be despised. There is one game peculiar to these ships, wherein the players use a thing like a boat-oar to shove another thing shaped like a poker "chip" or an uncrowned "checker" along the deck. I have seen young folks of various ages between sixteen and sixty having a lot of fun over this deep-sea variety of Scottish curling, but I never tried to learn it. And besides, there is the pool on the ship's daily run and the length of the voyage to add a bit of excitement.

Every man may read. There is a good free library on every first-class ship, but the wise novice will carry his own reading-matter. Only the man of the greatest self-control need take books for study, for studies are an aggravation. Even the inspired novel—the novel wherein, by the grace of God, things are done—may be wearisome unless they be done quickly and



Photograph by Byron.

A DOZE ON DECK—STEERAGE.

in swift succession. But if the experience of one somewhat aged salt is worth giving, he would say that, one day with another, no reading-matter equals a pile of old magazines. They are always like a well-chosen library; they supply something of real interest for every mood. In fact, if you will consider it, a complete file of any one of the better American magazines is a most excellent library of history, literature, art and science—a library far superior to what can be had in book form for many times the price. Two dozen magazines will cost but a trifle, they will serve even for a slow-ship voyage to Europe (ten or twelve days), and at the end of it a steward will be glad to take them.

What has been said about reading-matter applies as well to women as to men, of course, but the women need little advice as to the best ways of passing the time, because they always carry some kind of work that may be done either in their own sitting-room or on deck. The knitting-needle and the crochet-hook lighten many a weary hour for them.

But when all this is said, one may as

well confess that the lone novice is likely to find the voyage monotonous. When he returns home he will tell with enthusiasm about the wondrous beauties of the sea, but he will not go into details. It takes experience—a well-cultivated habit of observation, at least—to see the beauties of the ocean.

I do not mean by this to discourage the eager voyager who really wants to learn to see the ocean's attractive features. Those who are born with even two drops of Viking blood in their veins will begin to learn on the first day out. I have heard a novice say, when looking over an oil-smooth sea:

"It looks as if you could drive over it, eh?"

It is an inspiring thought. Suppose one could drive over the sea as over a prairie covered with the ash-green buffalo-grass! Those who know something of the wild, free delight in a gallop over the unfenced plains are the novices who appreciate first the sweeping view over a tranquil sea.

Then there is something in the ap-

proach of low-lying fog that appeals to a poetic novice. There are ranks and masses of the mist that come trooping over the sea—silent and ghostly. I remember seeing with sympathy a novice trying to photograph those semblances of the ranks of the dead. The man novice who will venture to climb aloft when the low-lying fog covers the sea may get above it, and if so he will be rewarded with a view of a new sea through which his ship is plowing in such fashion as to fill him with delight and awe.

chance in a hundred thousand that the novice will see his big ship stopped in mid-ocean with a half-dismasted merchantman wallowing in the seas alee. A mate with a quiet air will clear away a boat, and with his crew will climb into it. They will watch the swing of their ship in the sea and at the right moment they will be dropped afloat, and away they go. At the rail their craft was a tremendous rowboat, but now that it is framed by the tossing seas it is only a tiny toy. Yet it is on its way, and it escapes the curling breakers.



Photograph by Byron.

THE STEERAGE AT DINNER.

If lucky, one may see a fishing-schooner or two, a square-rigged lumber hooker from a Canadian port, and the smoke of another steamer. Once in five years or so, one of the swiftest ships overhauls one of the next in speed and there is a blood-stirring race that cures even the seasick—brings them on deck to whoop and exult, or whoop and make excuses, according as their ship gains or loses. And then there is that most thrilling experience known to the sea, the rescue of a crew from a sinking wreck. There is about one

The big steamer may go down to leeward of the wreck, if the wind be strong, but in any event the boat comes back bringing a resurrected crew. And men saved in that fashion have been seen to stoop down and kiss the deck of the ship that gave them life. One gets a new grip on his optimism when he has seen the life-savers of the sea at work.

And so we come to the one thought that above all others is uppermost in the mind of every novice—the thought of danger. The man and the woman (especially the



Photograph by Ryron.

ELEVEN O'CLOCK—SOUP.

woman) who have in most cheery fashion boarded a railway-train at an inland town, walk up the gangplank of the mightiest steamer with fear and trembling, and no amount of argument will quiet their nerves. There was far more danger on the railway-train than there will be in the ship, but they will not believe that, no matter who says so. The one great cloud that shuts out the sunshine of a sea-voyage—the one great cloud that shuts out the sunshine of life—is fear. How can we help being all cowards when we are ruled in childhood by the fear of the brutal whip, and

even religious teachers appeal to our fears rather than to any other operation of the human mind?

However, we are of good old Viking blood—of the race that understood that "it was indispensable to be brave. There is hope for us. Moreover, the Viking

ing talent making such marvelous strides in shipbuilding that danger is now well nigh driven from the path of the modern sea-traveler.

Whenships with their bulkheads athwart the hull were first built, a great stride for safety was made. Such a ship was driven bow on into an



Photograph by Ryron.

FINE WEATHER—EVERYBODY UP.

Student's Christian Association

iceberg. For thirty feet abaft the stem, the bow was crushed, but a bulkhead built a little farther aft held fast and she made port in safety. But when such a ship was cut into by another ship striking amidships, where the open spaces about the engines and boilers gave

her her necessary buoyancy, down she went—as the "Oregon" did off Fire Island.

So another step toward safety was needed and made. They built a twin-screw steamer with a complete set of engines and boilers on each side of her. This permitted the use of a fore-and-aft bulkhead that doubled the number of compartments. A twin-screw ship would float—the



Photograph by Eyron.

TAKING THE PILOT.

"Paris" did float—with one engine-room flooded. There is always danger of collisions in a fog, and there is sometimes danger of a collision with icebergs off the Grand Banks, but loss of life through the wreck of one of the Atlantic ferryboats has been known on the aver-

age about once in five years. It would be a good business venture to insure the lives of passengers for the voyage at ten cents per one thousand dollars at risk, even if including those on the single-screw ships; while if the policies were issued only on the twin-screw steamers the passenger would better carry his own risk than pay a nickel.



Photograph by Eyron.

SUNDAY IN THE CABIN.



"A HUMBLE MÉNAGE," BY ELIZABETH C. NOURSE. *Salon of 1897.*

AMERICAN ARTISTS IN PARIS.

BY VANCE THOMPSON.

THE Capitol, I believe, was saved by geese; horses have saved French art—and the American artist.

The old home of the Salon was torn down to make room for the white palaces of the Exposition. The homeless painters had almost determined to give up their annual Salon—or rather to merge it in the Exposition of 1900—when the Société Hippique offered them the hospitality of its hall in the Avenue de Breteuil. In addition, these amiable horsemen agreed to pay part of the heavy expense of the annual Salon.

So there will be two art exhibitions at Paris in April—one in the Champs-Élysian Palace of Art and the other in the Avenue de Breteuil, on the left bank of the river. So far as the American artist is concerned, this is peculiarly fortunate. By a fault, which cannot be charged to the French government, the space allotted to the American artists at the Exposition of 1900 is only six hundred feet on the line. This would hardly accommodate one-tenth of the pictures that should represent American art. Indeed, our two greatest painters, Whistler and Sargent, refused to enter a

competition that was bound to be both keen and unsatisfactory. They will exhibit in the British section. Doubtless in these days, when blood is so very much thicker than water, their countrymen will pardon this lèse-nation; still, their defection is a misfortune for American artists and American art.

Happily, there is the Salon, which has always had a generous hospitality for foreign exhibitors. And here it is that the paintings of the younger men—those who are building the new American art and creating, year by year, a national tradition—will be displayed. While you will have to go to the British section to see the masterpieces of Sargent and Whistler, while the works of the older painters like Chase and Dannat, Harrison, McEwan, Weeks and Melchers, will be shown in the Palace of Art, the truest representation of American art will unquestionably be found on the walls of the Salon. Perhaps this state of affairs is not wholly to be regretted. Union is not always strength. And then it is no bad thing that American art should be judged by two critical stand-



E. SEYMOUR THOMAS, OF TEXAS.

H. O. TANNER.
THE BROTHER IN BLACK.

ards. The Exposition pictures will be chosen by Mr. John Cauldwell, of New York, and his jury of American painters; those for the Salon have had to gain the critical and not unimpartial approval of French artists. The visitors who come to Paris in April

can see not only what our painters think of themselves, but what the modern masters of France think of them.

There are scores of American painters in Paris. Their studios are scattered everywhere from Montparnasse to the provincial streets of Auteuil.



LIONEL WALDEN, OF INDIANA.

In selecting the representative men and women—those who have conquered the present and stand for the future—I have been guided by the decision of the French artists who pass upon the pictures for the Salon. As examples of their work I have selected from pictures to be exhibited at the Salon of 1900 and, in certain cases, at the Exposition.

It was a gray day; bleak and windy weather; the broad and dreary Boulevard St. Jacques was deserted—I had not known that in all Paris there was a corner quite so desolate. At No. 51 there is a pair of iron gates. An old man, who was warming himself at a charcoal brazier, admitted me into the court.

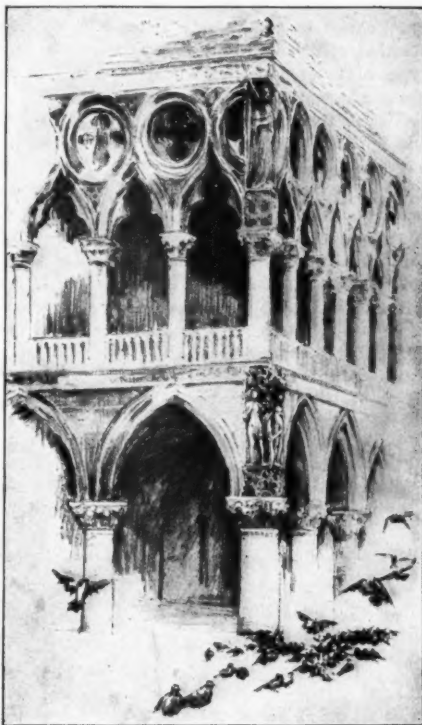
At the head of the first pair of stairs a youngish-looking man came to meet me. He was rather slight, not very tall, with a small beard and mustache, and a mass of fluffy hair brushed up from his forehead. He looked startlingly like Henri Rochefort—but a young Rochefort who should have had negro blood in him. There is no American artist in Paris more talked about than Mr. H. O. Tanner. Perhaps this is because he is a mulatto and, in spite of

the example of Dumas and De Heredia, we are still a trifle surprised when the artist reveals himself under a dark skin. And then there may be another reason: Mr. Tanner is not only a biblical painter—not only a Philadelphian—but, as well, he has brought to modern art a new spirit. His is not quite the simple realism of M. Tissot, of Munkaczky and Verestchagin. He has not been content to translate the Ghetto into terms of biblical history. There is in him too much of the Orient for this naive irreverence. He is a mystic, but a mystic who has read Renan and studied with Benjamin Constant.

I was very much interested in this artist's career. To him it seemed very simple. His early struggles, his fight against an environment which you may imagine, have left no impress on him. He likes to date his artistic life from the time he entered Aikins' studio in Philadelphia. Then came the Academy of Fine Arts of that city, and finally, in 1892, Paris. He went first to Benjamin Constant, and then to Jean Paul Laurens. I dare say he could have found no better masters. Neither of these men has ever been seduced into extravagance. They are men of sound training and competent technique. They represent the best academic tradition. After a few years Mr. Tanner went his own way, and in this he was wise. There is such a thing as getting the grammar of one's art



A CORNER
OF THE
STUDIO OF
EUGENE
GRIVAZ.
BY
HIMSELF.



A BIT OF THE DOGE'S PALACE, BY H. W. FAULKNER.

too well. It was in 1896 that he painted his first great picture—a "Daniel in the Lions' Den"—and found himself.

I dare say you remember that the French government bought one of his pictures for the Luxembourg; that another—an "Annunciation"—is in the Wiltack collection, of Philadelphia, and that last year his "Christ and Nicodemus" was in the Salon. For the moment look at this half-finished picture, which you will see in the coming Salon—"Christ Before the Doctors."

The painter wheels the big canvas forward into the light. Not an extraordinary composition—simple, rather, and inevitable. Christ is in the center of the picture; the learned men are grouped to left and right. The color-scheme is rich and somber—there is more of the Orient in it than in any other painting by this artist that I have seen. Mr. Tanner has lived in Jerusalem; he has lived in Bethlehem. He went there to see things and paint them. There the house

of David has not changed. The phylactery between his brows, his robe about him, the Pharisee still walks the narrow streets. The types of those doctors who gathered in the Temple have persisted through the centuries.

The picture, of course, was far from finished when I saw it. The dark winter days have held it back; and then, Mr. Tanner, like some one in a parable, has just been married. But you will see it in the Salon. A strange personage, this young mulatto—the product of Philadelphia and the Latin Quarter and Bethlehem—who is destined, I like to think, to give the world a new conception, at once reverent, critical and visionary, of the scenes of the Bible.

It was in the Boulevard Edgar-Quinet.

At the top of a tolerably dark pair of stairs, I came face to face with an extraordinarily tall man, who was looking at the wreck of a huge gilt frame.

"It fell," he said; "there was no one in the studio—I haven't even a cat; it had stood there for two weeks, quite safe, then of a sudden, when no one was about, it fell—there are the pieces. It's very odd, but it can't be helped. Come in—but I should like to get at the philosophy of why things happen like that."

Very tall, thin, with strongly marked features and a peaked, reddish beard, Mr. Lionel Walden has a little the look of Don Quixote; and his eyes do not refute the resemblance. An enthusiast, he has found the world a fairly adventurous place. He was born in Norwich, Connecticut, but a desire to live in Indianapolis took him West when he was still a boy. There he determined to be an artist, but he could not find any way to learn the craft. He wrote to the Art Students' League in New York, but never received an answer. However, he had heard of Paris, and having made and saved five hundred dollars, he set out. That was fourteen years ago. Upon his

arrival he rented a studio—this same huge room in the Boulevard Edgar-Quinet. He placed his trunk in one corner and sat down on it and "began artist," as they used to say. A fellow-traveler had advised him to put himself under Carolus Duran. So he entered the elegant studio of this elegant painter—a little after Beckwith's and Sargent's Parisian day. There was a long fight—a fight at the end of which he found fame and fortune. Having been a good bit of a sailorman in his youth, he went in for marine painting. To-day it is by his marines that he is best known.

Remembering these—remembering, too, one of his famous pictures in which a boat-

load of jolly youngsters rides, triumphant and alert—I was more than a little surprised when he drew the curtain from his Salon picture.

Night on the Mount of Olives; there is a faint moonlight and the olive-trees—mystic and gray, as in Goethe's poem—throw dim shadows on the dark earth. The figure of Christ is tall and erect and His eyes are lifted, as though in that last supreme prayer. The shadow thrown by the olive-trees lies at



"THE BATH."

S. SEYMOUR THOMAS'S SALON PICTURE FOR 1900.

His feet. So reticent the symbolism is, that at first you do not notice that the shadow forms a cross—a symbol and a prophecy.

On another easel was Mr. Walden's Exposition picture—a strip of the sea and nude figures, against great cliffs stained red by the sunset.

The good critic in art—in all the arts—is a trifle suspicious of the successful man. Mr. Herbert W. Faulkner entered the lists with a very deft lance and has taken, perhaps, a wider career in them than any man of his day. And I was a trifle suspicious. His versatility is uncommon.

He is an authority on medieval architecture. He is one of the latter-day men who



A MEDAL PORTRAIT OF MISS HEARST BY JOHN FLANAGAN. *Salon of 1899.*

have reformed lithography into a high art. His landscapes are exquisite in their variety and poetic charm. I remember a French landscape—a riot of apple-blossoms, and then, by way of contrast, a twilight through which a railway-train rushes. Impressionism, if you will, but that fine impressionism which indicates the essential character of a landscape and neglects only the impertinent details. Successful in all these genres, it was when he discovered Venice, I think, that Mr. Faulkner got at the real secret of his talent.

He came from Catskill-on-the-Hudson. In 1882 he graduated from Yale and went to New York. There he studied at the Art Students' League, notably with Carroll

Beckwith. In 1887 he came to Paris and entered the studio of Raphael Collin, who should be ranked among the semi-classicists.

In the Salon of last year there was one of Mr. Faulkner's Venetian pictures—it is now in the Art Institute of Chicago—



HERBERT W. FAULKNER, OF NEW YORK.

that will give you nearly all the poesy of modern Venice. It is a scene on the quay; women idle there, a child dabbles in the water, a gondola approaches—the poesy of modern Venice, at once familiar and suggestive, at once the present and the haunted past. Canaletto's Venice has vanished forever. Penny steamers puff up and down the Grand Canal; American sewing-machines are advertised on the old arches of the Rialto; some day the canals will be filled in and practical trolley-cars will whizz along the artificial streets. The present moment is a transition. He who has the sense of beauty in his eye can find



ELIZABETH C. NOURSE.
From Ross's portrait, Rome, 1897.

it in things as they really are. To me the chief value of Mr. Faulkner's work is that he has painted Venice as it really is; not with pragmatic realism, but with the finer art of the painter who idealizes, but idealizes only the real.

His picture for the coming Salon is a "Baptism in San Marco." It is a very large canvas and there are many figures, grouped under that strange bronze Christ that some one made in the long-ago—the old priest, the godmother holding the infant, the young mother, an old man and a little girl, wonderfully painted. And



"THE WRITER."

Figure by John Flanagan for the Congressional Library, Washington.

this, too, is the life of modern Venice—a common, quotidian scene, in the century-old environment of San Marco.

It is a far cry from the Latin Quarter to Auteuil—famous for its studios and the accident that happened to President Loubet's hat. In this quiet and stately corner of Paris—haunted with memories of Théophile Gautier, Georges Sand, Hugo, and the once-celebrated author of "Trilby"—there is a green garden. In the garden is a pavilion, which is the studio of Eugene Grivaz, the aquarellist who created a new art in New York. He is a big, bearded man, with a dry smile and quizzical eyes. The decoration in his buttonhole tells of a well-fought battle. The tame magpie—the eighth of a long series of tame magpies—demonstrates that an artist as well as a scientist may have his superstitions. The studio was the prettiest I had seen in Paris, with its old, colorful tapestries, its copper jars and tall vases, its Old World air of delicate comfort. There were water-colors that I knew of old—an enskied girl draped in red velvet, surrounded by a

flight of golden bees (the original is in New York), and a blonde and silky girl, dreaming in some indeterminate springtide. There is no aquarellist who has quite his delicacy of color, quite the same transparent charm. When some pages of his "Peg Woffington" were shown in the Grolier Club, of New York, they came as a revelation. The book had been made for the late Augustin Daly.

The artist drew the curtain from a water-color painting, "La Colombe." It was a Normandy scene, an interior, and had the simplicity of all fine art. A little Normandy maid in a white bonnet, a pinkish waist, and the striped skirt—red, white and brown—of the peasant girl, sat at a table, cooing to a cooing dove. A picture both bright and mocking; it should be set to Lulli's music.

"I could never understand," said I, "where one who was an old pupil of Le-



"THIRST," BY ELIZABETH C. NOURSE.
Salon of 1893.

febre and Boulanger ever got this color."

"It is atavism," said Mr. Grivaz. "Like many other good Americans, I was born in Geneva. My father was an artist in precious stones. Ah, the wonderful color-combinations he used to make with sapphires and rubies, emeralds, opals and pearls! He was a great artist. You know they used to call him the 'Marquis de Rubie'? As a boy I used to play with precious stones—instead of marbles. I think it got into my blood, a love for transparent color, for the sparkle of life, for all the beauty that can be translated only into water-color."

In the old days in Paris, Seymour Thomas was flip-pantly known as "Texas." He was supposed to be the one artist who ever came out of that almost mythical country. As his arrival in Paris was almost coincident with that of "Buffalo Bill," who brought over a company of trained cowboys, Mr. Thomas was looked upon as something decidedly exceptional.

"The Parisians could never understand how I had been cut out of the herd," he said, with a Texan metaphor.

It was in his studio, which stands in a garden at the far end of the Impasse Roncin, in the heart of the Latin Quarter. On the walls portraits, landscapes, pochades from Holland and the French provinces. On an easel a wonderful autumnal harmony of browns and grays—a portrait of Mrs. Thomas, who was once Miss Helen Haskill,

of San Francisco, and studied painting here. Near by is the canvas that gave Mr. Thomas his fame in the world—this "Victime Innocente," which began its career at the Salon of '92, journeyed to the World's Fair in Chicago, to Philadelphia, to Munich and Berlin; which has been reproduced by every possible process.

"I owe almost everything to Mr. William M. Chase, who was my master in New

York," said Mr. Thomas. I was a trifle surprised—the American artist has rarely strong praise for those teachers over at home—and I was decidedly pleased.

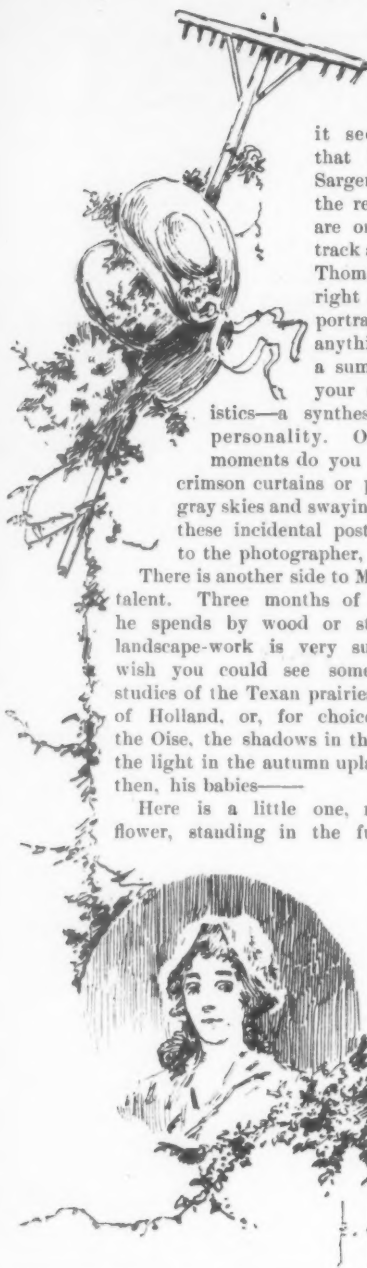
Mr. Thomas has been in Paris for twelve years, with the exception of a year or two spent in the United States. For eight consecutive years he has been in the Salon. He is called a portrait-painter, because, as "Alice in Wonderland" would say, that is what he is. In this line most of his work has been done. There are probably more portraits signed by his name in the galleries in America and Europe than by that of any other man of his years—he has just turned thirty. In portraiture,

which is the most difficult, and, I am inclined to think, the highest, branch of plastic art, Mr. Thomas ranks with the masters of the day. And less than any one of them has he been betrayed by the desire to be eccentric—to make striking pictures rather than to paint significant portraits.

This question is perhaps as important as any in modern art; I do not wish to be



A PORTRAIT BY S. SEYMOUR THOMAS.



deep and
I do not
wish to be
dull; but

it seems to me that Duran and Sargent, and all the rest of them, are on the wrong track and that Mr. Thomas is on the right one. Your portrait, if it be anything, must be a summing-up of your character-

istics—a synthesis of your personality. Only at odd moments do you loll against crimson curtains or pose against gray skies and swaying cypresses; these incidental postures belong to the photographer, anyway.

There is another side to Mr. Thomas's talent. Three months of every year he spends by wood or stream. His landscape-work is very suggestive—I wish you could see some of those studies of the Texan prairies, the dunes of Holland, or, for choice, a bit on the Oise, the shadows in the water and the light in the autumn uplands. And then, his babies—

Here is a little one, naked as a flower, standing in the full glow of light that comes from a fireplace; it is very beautiful, this baby

flesh, with the warm light streaming over it—but you will see it at the Salon when the doors open in April.

Four great eagles will decorate the United States Building at the Exposition Universelle de 1900. They have just been finished in Mr. John Flanagan's studio in the Avenue du Maine. It was Mr. Flanagan who made the clock for the Congressional Library in Washington. At present only the clock is in place, with its background of mosaics, cut by signs of the zodiac. Here in his studio are a number of the figures that are to surround it—Time and Day and Night. These are his larger works; and the clock is unquestionably a masterpiece.

I like to recall the story this young sculptor told me of his adventures on his way to artistic success; it was the story of the eternal artist. It began in Newark, New Jersey; it passed to a stoneyard there, where he learned his medium, thence to St. Gaudens' studio and Paris. And it was not at all easeful. His adventures were those that Sinding found, when he came up to Paris on a franc a day; they were those that George Grey Barnard and many another sculptor likes to look back upon. There is no accident in success. Always it is true that success waits upon the man who finds a new way or a better way of doing things. Mr. Flanagan won his spurs (if you will pardon an unpardonable metaphor) by his busts. Mr. Flanagan—like Stephen Sinding, who was Rodin's pupil—has escaped Rodin's snare of uncanny brutality. These figures are free, sage, supple, hardy as the Greek athletes in the Tribuna of Florence; there is immense modernity, but there is no madness, and no insignificance.

It has lately become a pretty fad of the American woman to have her beauty struck into the imperishability of a bronze medal. Mr. Flanagan has made this field of art almost his own. His medal of Miss Hearst, of New York, and that of Miss Hortense Mitchell, of Chicago, were in last year's Salon; by a delightful irony of fate Mr. Flanagan was rewarded with a—medal. And the medal was of the first class.

I wish I could translate for you the charm of one afternoon here in Paris. It had been a bright winter day, but as the

sun sank the sparkle went out of the air; there were purple shadows in the streets and the house-fronts were gray against a grayer sky. It was in a studio, the broad windows of which overlooked the gardens of the Luxembourg. Everywhere there



JOHN FLANAGAN, SCULPTOR.

eyes, her sleeping child; Frisian peasants at prayer; a St. Francis in that arched church, dug out of the hill-side of Assisi; a young girl dreaming in a green glade; hard and dreary Norman women, twisting up the flax—pictures everywhere.

And all these pictures you would have said were the work of a man; of one whose tenderness was based on strength—of a man who had Millet's feeling for form and Baudry's sense of color. In any case, a strong man. I have often thought that fate loves to cheat the man of ready-made convictions. This artist was a woman—no Rosa Bonheur, with pipe and blouse, as we used to see her at By—but a woman robed in grays and blacks, fragile, very gentle, with a face in which there were beauty and almost synthetic womanliness—Miss Elizabeth C. Nourse.

No American woman artist stands so high in Paris to-day as Miss Nourse. Indeed, she is the one woman painter of our country—for Miss Mary Cassatt

has hampered her fine talent with an impressionism that is neither to hold nor to bind—who ranks in the world as a painter and not as a woman who paints. Miss



EUGENE GRIVAZ.

Nourse's Americanism is of old date. She is a descendant of the famous Rebecca Nourse of Salem. Her home is in Cincinnati. It was there, when thirteen years old, that she entered the Art School. A few years later, she came to Paris, with her sister Miss Louise Nourse, whose wood-carvings you may know. Perhaps you can imagine how beautiful was the life these sisters led, questing the secret of art, here in the Old World. Miss Nourse entered Julien's studio. That was ten years ago, when Julien was the most conspicuous figure in the art-life of Europe. He was a man from the Midi; he had been



"LA CO-
LOMBE."
EUGENE
GRIVAZ'S
SALON PICTURE FOR 1900.
From a sketch by
the artist.



S. SEYMOUR THOMAS IN HIS STUDY.

a shepherd and a professional wrestler; but he came to Paris in the long-ago and studied painting, founded art-schools (dozens of them; he possessed "branches" in every quarter of Paris, as the tea-sellers have) and dominated the Salon. It was then that Meissonnier, Dagnan, Bouveret and other well-known French artists broke away from the Salon and founded the New Salon of the Champ-de-Mars. It is pleasant to recall that Miss Nourse was of this militant body of rebels. She remained with the New Salon until last year, when peace was made and the two Salons were merged in one. Almost all the American artists in Paris quailed at the thought of this revolt. Julien's academy bulked so big the art-world, Julien's influence at the Salon—for many great painter-teachers were stockholders in his various schools—was so preponderant, that it required more than a man's courage to fall in with that forlorn hope. Think, then! There were Bou-

guereau, Lefebvre, Tony Robert Fleury and Benjamin Constant, all allies of Julien, this hero of the *Lutte Romaine*—the wrestler and "strong man." And then the Exposition of 1889 was coming on. But Miss Nourse marched out with the forlorn hope—Carolus Duran, Gervex, Walter, and other hesitants, followed—and she marched to victory.

She is the painter of humble, quotidian life; as well as any one in our day she has depicted the joys and sorrows—the tragic moments and the quiet hours—of those whom in England it is the custom to call the "lower orders." Was it America that taught her this frank democracy? Was it some atavistic impulse come down from the days of Rebecca Nourse of Salem? Was it the influence of Millet, this peasant? None of these, I think. Miss Nourse has learned—by some woman's intuition—the lesson that few men learn after penible artistic years. She has discovered that only exceptionally does life move on a ball-room plane, that only now and then, does it wear sword and pipeclay. She has discovered Walt Whitman's secret. She has understood why Raphael when he would paint the mother of our Lord painted—a baker's daughter.

Technically Miss Nourse is very strong. She is a descendant of the forthright Millet and Baudry, who knew color. She has painted the peasants of Russia, Austria, Italy, France, Holland, Algeria. Once she painted a Madonna. It hung on the walls of her studio, that gray Parisian afternoon. A haunting Madonna—the essence of motherly love, which is the only love.



CEREMONIAL CAKES.

By FRANCIS J. ZIEGLER.

THERE is a deal more than cooked dough in some cakes. A loaf of peculiar form may be a baked memorial of ancient customs; sentimental associations sugar many a crust (what maid has not dreamed romances over a slice of bride-cake?), and a pasty may be stuffed with remembrances of the long-ago as well as filled with its material contents. Even at this matter-of-fact period, the prosaic end of an unromantic century, ceremonial cakes—that is, cakes intimately associated with definite festivals, secular or religious—are no great rarity. One can find them without the quest leading to obscure quarters of the globe, for they are common to Orient and



THE FRIEND OF OUR CHILDHOOD—THE GINGERBREAD MAN.

Occident and quite as familiar to the English rustic as to the peasant of the Latin races. Just how well known are they to our transatlantic cousins, may be judged from the fact that during the International Folk-lore Congress held at London in 1891 the delegates regaled themselves with a lunch of ceremonial cakes, of the thirty-

two varieties of which collected by the managers twenty-eight were native to the British Isles.

Usually the relationship of such cakes to former religious rites is quite evident to those who take any interest in such matters, but, so venerable is their ancestry, the prototypes of most of them must be looked for in that misty time known as "the dawn of history"—a dawn of exceeding grayness, working in which even the crit-



MOLD FOR MAKING THE SACRED WAFER USED IN THE GREEK CHURCH.

ical eyes of archeologists are troubled with dimness of mental vision, a sort of intellectual myopia for which there is no apparent remedy. In groping round in this fog we manage to stumble over the fact that a ceremonial use of cakes was known to primitive man, for we find them included in the offerings of food and drink interred with the dead tomb-builders of the Stone Age.

The anthropomorphic idea of deity carries with it the logical conclusion that the gods enjoy human food, and consequently cakes were used as sacrificial gifts by many nations of antiquity, just as they figured at the religious feasts of our Teutonic ancestors to which the chiefs of the Northern pantheon were bidden as guests of honor. Human sacrifices were the occasional but not invariable accompaniment of such offerings. Peaceful pagans came to dedicate the fruits of their ovens to their deities instead of immolating living victims, and



THE HAMANTASCHE—A JEWISH CEREMONIAL CAKE.

frequently a growing gentleness of manners was marked by the exchange for such homely oblations of the horrors of bloody altars. Thus, the little dough images in the religious ceremonies of Thibetan Buddhism are evidently the modern substitutes for actual objects of sacrifice used in more savage times. Only about an inch in height, they are cut with a mold into many fantastic shapes; some having animal forms, some being anthropomorphic figures with heads of beasts, others again representing various cuts of meat.

Another style of dough image is known to the lamas, which, although it can hardly be called a cake, is worth mentioning in this connection as a striking illustration of the use of an effigy in place of a living victim. This is the dough puppet which plays a prominent part in the devil-dance of the Thibetan New Year's festivities. It is fashioned in the most elaborate manner to represent the person of a lad, models of the most important internal organs being included in its composition and the heart filled with a roseate fluid representing blood. At times there is a horrible addition, actual flesh from the body of a dead criminal being incorporated in the figure. After it has served as the offering of a burlesque sacrifice, plainly a survival from a cannibalistic age, pieces of the image are thrown to the spectators, who scramble for the morsels, which they eat, or preserve as talismans against wounds, diseases, or other misfortunes.

All this reminds one of a rite practised in ancient Mexico and known to the Aztecs as "Teoqualo," or "the Eating of the God." The victim of this eucharistic ceremony was a dough figure of Huitzilopochtli, made from all the varieties of the seed and grain of the country and moistened with the blood of children and virgins,

bits of which were given to the worshipers by way of communion.

In parenthesis, I may remark that the Christian eucharist has its equivalent in many a heathen religion, but this is a phase of my subject upon which I do not purpose dwelling. It may interest some readers, however, to see the form of sacred wafer used by the Greek Church in Russia, the mold for making which is shown in the illustration. It is circular, about four inches in diameter, and it has two faces, each inscribed with the monogram of Christ in Russian letters, the larger bearing in addition crude representations of the implements of the Passion and a series of

triangular marks symbolizing the twelve Apostles.

Cakes figured in the religious observances of the nations of classic antiquity. Roman milkmaids offered cakes of millet to the goddess of shepherds during the rustic festivities of the Palilia; and during the Liberalia, celebrated March 17th, the ivy-garlanded priests and priestesses of Dionysos went through the Eternal City carrying with them wine, honey, sweetmeats

and cakes, as well as a portable altar upon which rested a sacred frying-pan for burnt-offerings. A bun, either stamped with the horns of the sacred ox or crescent-shaped, was sacred to Astarte, and Athenæus mentions a kind of cheese-cake dedicated to Diana, which had figures of lighted torches about its circumference, and was offered at cross-roads.

Nor had the heathen bakers a monopoly of such dishes. The ovens of Israel were acquainted with ceremonial cakes. The showbread, twelve loaves in a double file, was placed regularly upon the temple table; while loaves without leaven, tempered with oil, and unleavened wafers anointed with oil, are the oblations prescribed by the



GINGERBREAD MOLD FROM RUSSIA.



GERMAN-AMERICAN WEDDING-CAKE.

book of Leviticus for peace-offerings. Then there is the thin unleavened "mat-sath," the Jew bread as we call it sometimes, an orthodox baking eaten to this day at the feast of the Passover. During the Middle Ages, a fritter shaped like a ladder with seven rungs was eaten at Pentecost as an emblem of the "seven heavens which God rent at the giving of the law," and in Germany cakes known as "pasdida" were made especially for consumption on the Sabbath. But it must have been to some such forbidden food as the horned bun just mentioned that the renegade Jewish women of Pathros referred when they answered Jeremiah's rebuke of their idolatrous reverence for the Queen of Heaven by the retort, "Did we make cakes to worship her, to pour out drink-offerings to her without our husbands?"

An interesting ceremonial cake, presumably of German origin, is eaten by Jews in this country upon the feast of Purim. It is known as the Hamantasche (Haman pocket), and is a three-cornered affair resembling a cocked hat, the interior of which is stuffed with poppy-seeds. There is a pun in the name. In the bilingual jargon of the German Jew "Haman" is pronounced with a strong accent

on the second syllable, in which the *a* is sounded as *o*, while the first syllable becomes a guttural aspirant difficult to Anglo-Saxon mouths. Now "Mohn" in German means "poppy," while the guttural in question is a Hebrew word used to call attention to a statement, so that "Hamantasche" spoken thus may be translated "Here is a pocket of poppy-seed" as well as record the name of Mordecai's jealous enemy. Thus the little Israelites pleasantly refer to "putting Haman in a pocket." Nor is sight lost of the shape of the cake, it being said jocularly that Haman wore a cocked hat—truly a strange headgear for a nobleman connected with the court of King Ahasuerus.

In Italy—that land where the past and the present clasp hands over the intervening centuries and where many a rite of ancient heathendom lingers under the thin disguise of modern garb—one finds no end of ceremonial cakes of distinguished lineage. During Lent the Romans religiously eat a bun known as "maritozze," which is filled with the kernels of an edible pine-cone, and there are numerous bakings peculiar to various festivals of the saints. San Guiseppe seems to have rather more than his share of this kind of rever-



"READY FOR THE CEREMONY."



A GERMAN GINGERBREAD HORSE.

ence, but then this important personage in the Christian calendar appears to have fallen heir to many of the honors formerly paid to the God of Wine during the Liberalia. The feast of this saint is celebrated on March 19th—two days later than the vintage festival of pagan times—and is observed with much ceremony throughout the Italian provinces. Ivy-crowned priests no longer escort the sacred frying-pan through the thoroughfares of the City of the Seven Hills, but the *frittelle di San Guiseppe* sizzle in huge caldrons of oil on the street corners and are lauded in doggerel verses painted above the principal booths in which they are dispensed. In Chiusa Scalfani, Sicily, the cakes baked on this occasion are most elaborate in form; saints, animals and droll puppets being modeled out of the dough.

Then there is the *pane di morte*, baked in the form of the cross and eaten upon the feast of All Souls (November 2d); the *occhialino*, or little eye, an accompaniment of the feast of Santa Lucia (December 13th), the protectress of the vision; the *minuzza*, which looks like a breast and is dedicated to Santa Agata, invoked by those troubled with diseases of that organ; and a roll representing a trachea, sacred to San Brasi, a holy personage whose aid is sought by those suffering with sore throats. Still another roll of peculiar form, dedicated to San Nicola, is credited with the power to pro-

tect the household from fire. In Perugia they make Christmas cakes in the form of human femurs, consisting of a shell of sugar filled with a soft white mass representing marrow. What association a leg-bone has with Yuletide, I am unable to surmise.

The use of cakes as votive offerings is known to modern Italy, and there is the nuptial loaf which the husband breaks over the head of his newly made spouse, just as his ancestor did in the marriage ceremony before the priest of Jupiter. By the way, our own wedding-cake is but the glorified descendant of the old marriage-loaf, and a parallel of the bread-breaking custom is found to-day in widely distant countries.

The ancient Germans made ceremonial cakes, which were given the forms of Teutonic gods or of sacred animals. The boar, consecrated to Fro, was a common figure, and who knows but that the gingerbread horse of our youthful delight had as its prototype a representation of Wodan's charger or that our old friend the gingerbread man was not originally known as Balder?

The cock, too, was sacrificed by Teutons as well as Latins, and chanticler is frequently modeled in gingerbread by modern bakers.

But the forms given gingerbread in Europe are almost without end. Out of the spicy compound the Germans make images of soldiers and biblical personages to delight childish hearts at Christmas, while what Russian imagination can press from the same substance is shown by the accompanying illustration of a gingerbread



A CORNUCOPIA-SHAPED WEDDING-CAKE.

mold from the land of the Czar—what strange animals are intended to be represented I leave the reader to puzzle out for himself.

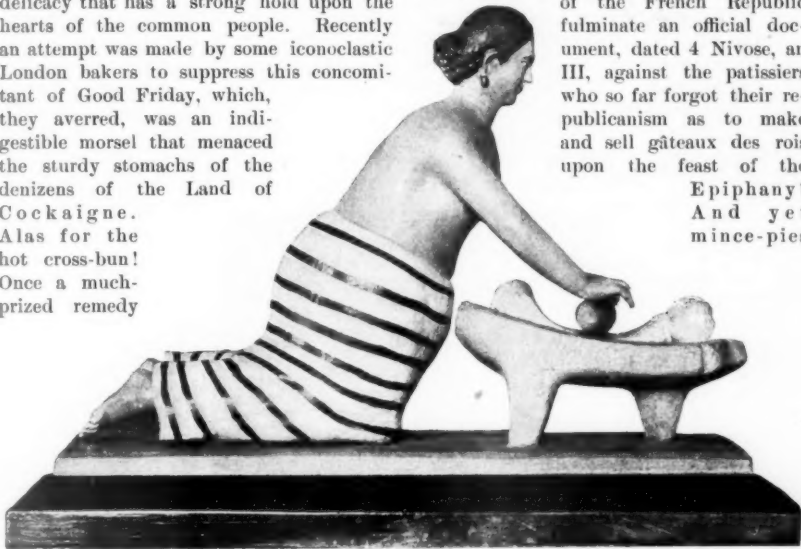
Prominent among English ceremonial cakes stands the hot cross-bun, a venerable delicacy that has a strong hold upon the hearts of the common people. Recently an attempt was made by some iconoclastic London bakers to suppress this concomitant of Good Friday, which, they averred, was an indigestible morsel that menaced the sturdy stomachs of the denizens of the Land of Cockaigne. Alas for the hot cross-bun! Once a much-prized remedy

even the efforts of overworked bakers are not likely to oust it. Did not the Puritans fall foul of a celebrated dish and think it right to "quarrel with minced pies, and disparage their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge"? Did not a citizen mayor

of the French Republic fulminate an official document, dated 4 Nivose, an III, against the patissiers who so far forgot their republicanism as to make and sell gâteaux des rois upon the feast of the

Epiphany?

And yet
mince-pies



MEXICAN INDIAN WOMAN MAKING A TORTILLA.

for spiritual as well as bodily ills, yearly it stocked the cupboards of housewives firm in the belief that it would never grow moldy, but remain in pristine loveliness, a protection against fire, a defense from the fascinations of witches and a sovereign cure for diarrhoea. Yet the time has come when it can be pronounced "a grave public danger!"

There is a circumstance in connection with this strange attitude of the London bakers toward one of their own products which explains their wondrous solicitude for the digestive apparatus of their neighbors. So greatly esteemed is the cake in question as a Good Friday relish—despite that it is credited no longer with medicinal and magical properties—that an army of journeyman bakers must toil continuously for the forty-eight preceding hours in order to supply the demand. Thus it will be seen that the hot cross-bun has a place in the hearts of the populace from which

still form a part of our Christmas menu and the French have not forgotten the bean-cake of Twelfth Night.

Although no longer revered, as in ancient days, nor fashionable, as it was a century ago, when the London beau monde and even royalty itself patronized the Chelsea bun-house, the hot cross-bun is in no danger of extinction. The people like it, and its ancestry inspires the respect of the learned. Its very name has been taken by some as a patent of ancient lineage betraying its descent from the boun of antiquity, a cake fit for the gods, as it



A BANQUET-CAKE.

was used as a sacrificial offering in classic times.

Anciently, cakes other than hot cross-buns were associated intimately with the Lenten season in Merrie England. There was the Shrove Tuesday pancake, for example, an usher to the penitential days, and the tansy-cake for which ecclesiastics and laics played ball at Eastertide. The simnel, too, a tasty compound resembling a very rich plum-cake, enjoyed high favor in the olden days. This it was that sons and daughters who had wandered from the parental roof carried to their mothers and sires as a mid-Lenten offering—an affectionate custom which has been crowded out by the busy life of the nineteenth century.

But some of the old sentimental usages still linger.

Thus, every year cakes known as Bid-denden Maids are distributed on Easter Sunday, by the church wardens of the parish which gives them their name, in memory of two maiden sisters named Chulkhurst, who died in the twelfth century leaving twenty acres of land to be administered for the benefit of the poor. Tradition has it that these sisters were joined like the Siamese twins, but the history has been declared apocryphal. The cakes to-day are stamped with the representation of these two good ladies, depicted according to the popular story, but it is only since 1763 that they have been marked thus, and the legend may be nothing more than pure fiction, notwithstanding it is given with circumstantial details on a circular presented to those upon whom the Bid-denden church wardens bestow the cooked memorials.

In civilized America ceremonial cakes—if

we except that lordly one which figures so prominently at weddings, and the wonderful structures that weight the banquet-table—are very little known, what few we have being exotics imported with our foreign population.

Yet in the pre-Columbian times they existed on this continent, and our red men still use them in connection with certain religious rites.

The ancient Mexicans—in addition to the eucharistic cake I have described—had little bread figures of butterflies which they were wont to offer to the shades of those women who died in childbirth, and to whom shrines were erected at the cross-roads.

As for the maize-cake, or tortilla, of the Aztecs, it, and the implements with which it was prepared, were considered blessed with oracular powers. If the tortilla doubled over when thrown upon the clay pan to bake, the Mexican housewife prepared to receive a visitor, unless, indeed, her husband happened to be absent, when she considered it a sign that he was bound homeward and said that "he had kicked the tortilla." The breaking of the met-



BANQUET-CAKE FOUR FEET HIGH.

latl, or grinding-stone upon which the maize was prepared, was believed a premonition of coming death, and when the man of the family went forth to play the national game of ball, he placed the metlatl and baking-pan upside down on the floor and hung the metlapil, or pestle, up in the corner to bring him luck. For some reason or other, this stone pestle was thought friendly to the race of rats; whenever a household attempt was made to exterminate these rodents it was put out of doors that it might not give them warning.

The wedding-cake, common to all civil-

ized lands, has as much care taken in its construction as if it were intended to stand a lasting memorial of marital felicity, instead of being the perishable creation of a nuptial day.

Usually pyramidal, as becomes the central piece upon a festive board, this cake assumes as many shapes as Proteus; varying its outlines to suit the individual occasion, the skill of its maker and the taste of the pair for whom it is intended.

It is hardly necessary to say that tastes differ widely in this respect: what Sal and her steady describe as "real elegant" may not seem beautiful to those who move in a different circle and whose esthetic canons are not the same. But what is one's admiration may prove the other's merriment, and so things are balanced.

There is, one must have noticed, a deal of sugary sentimentality in some of the ornaments for wedding-cakes one sees in German bakeshops. Surely you have noted them—



MEXICAN INDIAN WOMAN
MAKING A TORTILLA.

that loving pair of little starch figures standing as if just plighting their marriage vows beneath a bunch of orange-blossoms that overshadows them like a palm-tree; he with a mass of curly hair, reminding one of that delectable compound known as yellow-jack, and a charming pink complexion; she with a heightened vermilion blush, a rosebud mouth, and a practicable veil made of silver netting.

Sometimes we see a like pair embarking on the voyage of life in a catboat freighted with orange-blossoms, or the wedding-cake may be surmounted with a dropsical-looking Cupid, or an anemic Hymen dressed



MOLD FOR MAKING THE SACRED WAFER USED IN
THE GREEK CHURCH.

like a ballet-dancer of half a century ago; but the standing figure of bride and groom appears to be the favorite.

One of the forms of wedding-cake most favored by German-Americans is the cornucopia, such as is shown in the accompanying illustration. In this particular instance the decorative lines were drawn with red jelly and the cake was ornamented with silver balls as well as artificial flowers and icing.

In the hands of a really expert confectioner the wedding-cake becomes a veritable work of art, an ornate structure in which it would seem vandalism to stick a knife.

The design for Queen Victoria's bride-



GERMAN WEDDING-CAKE IN CORNUCOPIA FORM.

Student's Christian Association

Not to be taken from the press



CHANTICLEER.

larger urn upon the top flanked by four flags embroidered with the royal coat of arms.

The wedding-cake of the Prince and the Princess of Wales was much better designed. Its general form suggested a crown; its pinnacle bore the ostrich feathers, while the lion and the unicorn, horns of plenty and artificial flowers, mingled in decorative confusion to form a highly pleasing whole.

Of an entirely different type was the wedding-cake of Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, a shrine-like structure, classic in its architecture, the apex of which served as a pedestal for a statuette of Hebe, while the interior sheltered an elaborate fountain with a flock

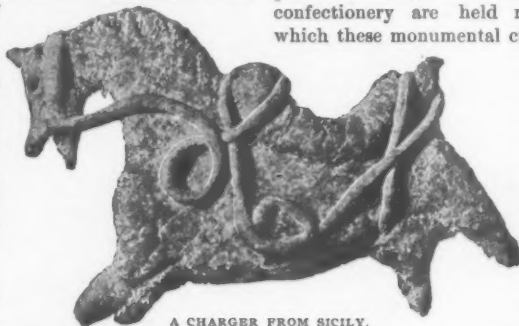
cake, however, was lacking in artistic quality, though one cannot accuse it of needing more elaboration. It resembled somewhat a terraced garden, each terrace adorned with prim little vases of artificial flowers, with

of dainty attendant doves perched about its brim.

Quite as elaborate as those intended for weddings are the banquet-cakes used as table decorations at big ceremonial dinners, but these are nothing more than ornaments never intended to be cut. If you look carefully at the examples pictured in the illustrations, you will see that a multitude of small cakes enters into their composition: lady-fingers cemented with sugar forming little fences, and wafers being used to produce a number of pretty effects, while the icing is handled with the touch of an artist.

It takes days, even weeks, to make a cake of this description—which may be from four to seven feet in height—and no small degree of skill is required for its construction. It must be substantial as well as ornamental, too, for imagine the ruin should the thing collapse into an incoherent mass of crumbs and sugar. Confectioners who make a specialty of such cakes are proud of them, and exhibitions of fancy confectionery are held regularly during which these monumental creations come in

for their full share of admiration and are awarded prizes in competition. Those which have been selected to illustrate this article were prize-winners in such contests.



A CHARGER FROM SICILY.

LET ME FORGET.

BY THEODOBIA PICKERING GARRISON.

LOVE, who hath granted many prayers and set
My wayward feet into thy happy ways,
Behold, I send thee supplication yet—
Let me forget my wasted yesterdays.

I wrought so many follies in thy name,
So many frail, false altars did I raise,
Too weak to hold thee—nay, for very shame,
Let me forget my wasted yesterdays.

See, I blot out my sinning with my tears,
And ever cry my prayer with this my praise:
For sake of all the coming, happier years
Let me forget my wasted yesterdays.

A CHANGED MAN.

BY THOMAS HARDY.

THE person who, next to the actors themselves, chanced to know most of their story, lived near "Top o' Town" (as the spot was called), in an old, substantially built house, distinguished among its neighbors by having an oriel window on the first floor, whence could be obtained a raking view of the High Street, west and east, the former including Laura's dwelling, the end of the Town Avenue hard by (in which were played the odd pranks hereafter to be mentioned), the Port-Bredy road rising westward, and the turning that led to the cavalry barracks where the captain was quartered. Looking eastward down the town from the same favored gazebo, the long perspective of houses declined and dwindled till it merged in the highway across the moor. The white ribbon of road disappeared over the stone bridge a quarter of a mile off, to plunge into innumerable straits, windings, and solitary undulations up hill and down dale for one hundred and twenty miles till it exhibited itself at Hyde Park Corner as a smooth, bland surface in touch with a busy and fashionable world.

To the barracks aforesaid had recently arrived the —th Hussars, a regiment new to the locality. Almost before any acquaintance with its members had been made by the townspeople, a report spread that they were a "crack" body of men, and had brought a splendid band. For some reason or other the town had not been made the headquarters of cavalry for many years, the various troops stationed there having been of a dull, unmusical composition; so that it was with a sense of honor that everybody—even the small furniture-broker from whom the married troopers hired tables and chairs—received the news of their crack quality.

In those days the Hussar regiments still wore over the left shoulder that attractive attachment, or frilled half-tippet, hanging loosely behind like the wounded wing of a bird, which was called the pelisse, though it was known among the troopers themselves as a "sling-jacket." It added amazingly to their picturesqueness in women's

eyes, and, indeed, in the eyes of men also.

The burgher who lived in the house with the oriel window sat during a great many hours of the day in that projection, for he was an invalid, and time hung heavily on his hands unless he maintained a constant interest in proceedings without. Not more than a week after the arrival of the Hussars, his ears were assailed by the shout of one schoolboy to another in the street below.

"Have 'ee heard this about the Hussars! They are haunted! Yes—a ghost troubles 'em; he has followed 'em about the world for years!"

A haunted regiment: that was a new idea for either invalid or stalwart. The listener in the oriel came to the conclusion that there were some lively characters among the —th Hussars!

He made Captain Maumbry's acquaintance in an informal manner at an afternoon tea to which he went in a wheeled chair—one of the very rare outings which the state of his health permitted. Maumbry showed himself to be a handsome man of twenty-eight or thirty, with an attractive hint of wickedness in his manner that was sure to make him adorable with good young women. The large dark eyes that lit his pale face expressed this wickedness strongly, though such was the adaptability of their rays that one could think they might have expressed sadness or seriousness just as readily, if he had had a mind for such.

An old and deaf lady who was present asked Captain Maumbry bluntly: "What's this we hear about you? They say your regiment is haunted."

The captain's face assumed an aspect of grave, even sad, concern. "Yes," he replied, "it is too true."

Some young ladies smiled till they saw how serious he looked, when they looked serious likewise.

"Really?" said the old lady.

"Yes. We naturally don't wish to say much about it."

"No, no; of course not. But—how haunted?"

"Well, the—*thing*, as I'll call it, follows us. In country quarters or town, abroad or at home, it's just the same."

"How do you account for it?"

"H'm." Maumbry lowered his voice. "Some crime committed by certain of our regiment in past years, we suppose."

"Dear me—how very horrid and singular!"

"But, as I said, we don't speak of it much."

"No—no."

When the Hussar was gone, a young lady, disclosing a long-suppressed interest, asked if the ghost had been seen by any of the town.

The lawyer's son, who always had the latest borough news, said that, though it was seldom seen by any but the Hussars themselves, more than one townsman and woman had already set eyes on it, to his or her terror. The phantom mostly appeared very late at night, under the dense trees of the town avenue nearest the barracks. It was about twelve feet high; its teeth chattered with a dry, naked sound, as if they were those of a skeleton; and its hip-bones could be heard grating in their sockets.

During the darkest weeks of winter several timid persons were seriously frightened by the object answering to this cheerful description, and the police began to look into the matter. Whereupon the appearances grew less frequent, and some of the boys of the regiment thankfully stated that they had not been so free from ghostly visitation for years as they had become since their arrival in Casterbridge.

This playing at ghosts was the most innocent of the amusements indulged in by the choice young spirits who inhabited the lichened, red-brick building at the top of the town, bearing "W. D." and a broad-arrow on its quoins. Far more serious escapades—levities relating to love, wine, cards, betting—were talked of, with no doubt more or less of exaggeration. That the Hussars were the cause of bitter tears to several young women is unquestionably true, despite the fact that the gaieties of the young men wore a more staring color in this old-fashioned place than they would have done in a large and modern city.

II.

Regularly once a week they rode out in marching order.

Returning up the town on one of these occasions, the romantic pelisse flapping behind each horseman's shoulder in the soft southwest wind, Captain Maumbry glanced up to the oriel. A mutual nod was exchanged between him and the person who sat there reading. The reader and a friend in the room with him followed the troop with their eyes all the way up the street, till, when the soldiers were opposite the house in which Laura lived, that young lady became discernible in the balcony.

"They are engaged to be married, I hear," said the friend.

"Who—Maumbry and Laura? Never—so soon?"

"Yes."

"He'll never marry. Several girls have been mentioned in connection with his name. I am sorry for Laura."

"Oh, but you needn't be. They are excellently matched."

"She's only one more."

"She's one more, and more still. She has regularly caught him. She is a born player of the game of hearts, and she knew how to beat him in his own practices. If there is one woman in the town who has any chance of holding her own and marrying him, she is that woman."

This was true, as it turned out. By natural proclivity Laura had from the first entered heart and soul into military romance as exhibited by the plots and characters of those living exponents of it who came under her notice. From her earliest young womanhood, civilians, however promising, had no chance of winning her interest if the meanest warrior were within the horizon. It may be that the position of her uncle's house (which was her home) at the corner of the town nearest the barracks, the daily passing of the troops, the constant blowing of trumpet-calls a furlong from her windows, coupled with the fact that she knew nothing of the inner realities of military life, and hence idealized it, had also helped her mind's original bias for thinking men-at-arms the only ones worthy of a woman's heart.

Captain Maumbry was a typical prize.

One whom all surrounding maidens had coveted, ached for, angled for, wept for, had by her judicious management become subdued to her purpose; and in addition to the pleasure of marrying the man she loved, Laura had the joy of feeling herself hated by the mothers of all the marriageable girls of the neighborhood.

The man in the oriel went to the wedding; not as a guest, for at this time he was but slightly acquainted with the parties, but mainly because the church was close to his house; partly, too, for a reason which moved many others to be spectators of the ceremony, a subconsciousness that, though the couple might be happy in their experiences, there was sufficient possibility of their being otherwise to color the musings of an onlooker with a pleasing pathos of conjecture. He could on occasion do a pretty stroke of rhyming in those days, and he beguiled the time of waiting by pencilling on a blank page of his prayer-book a few lines, which, though kept private then, may be given here:—

“AT A HASTY WEDDING.

“(*Triolet.*)

“If hours be years the twain are blest,
For now they solace swift desire
By lifelong ties that tether zest
If hours be years. The twain are blest
Do eastern suns slope never west,
Nor pallid ashes follow fire.
If hours be years the twain are blest
For now they solace swift desire.”

As if, however, to falsify all prophecies, the couple seemed to find in marriage the secret of perpetuating the intoxication of a courtship which, on Maumbry's side at least, had opened without serious intent. In the winter following they were the most popular pair in and about Casterbridge—nay, in South Wessex itself. No smart dinner in the county houses of the younger and gayer families within driving distance of the borough was complete without their lively presence; Mrs. Maumbry was the gayest of the whirling figures at the county ball, and when there followed the inevitable incident of garrison-town life, an amateur dramatic entertainment, it was just the same. The acting was for the benefit of such and such an excellent charity—nobody cared what, provided the play were played—and both Captain Maumbry and

his wife were in the piece, having been, in fact, by mutual consent, the originators of the performance. And so with laughter, and thoughtlessness, and movement, all went merrily. There was a little backwardness in the bill-paying of the couple; but in justice to them it must be added that sooner or later all owings were paid.

III.

At the chapel of ease attended by the troops, there arose above the edge of the pulpit, one Sunday, an unknown face. This was the face of a new curate. He placed upon the desk not the familiar sermon-book, but merely a Bible. The person who tells these things was not present at that service, but he soon learned that the young curate was nothing less than a great surprise to his congregation—a mixed one always, for though the Hussars occupied the body of the building, its nooks and corners were crammed with civilians, whom up to the present even the least uncharitable would have described as being attracted thither less by the service than by the soldiery.

Now there arose a second reason for squeezing into an already overcrowded church. The persuasive and gentle eloquence of Mr. Sainway operated like a charm upon those accustomed only to the higher and drier styles of preaching, and for a time the other churches of the town were thinned of their sitters.

At this point in the nineteenth century, the sermon was the sole reason for church-going among a vast body of religious people. The liturgy was a formal preliminary, which, like the Queen's proclamation in a Court of Assize, had to be got through before the interest began; and on reaching home the question was simply: Who preached, and how did he handle his subject? Even had an archbishop officiated in the service proper, nobody would have cared much about what was said or sung. People who had formerly attended in the morning only, began to go in the evening, and even to the special addresses in the afternoon.

One day, when Captain Maumbry entered his wife's drawing-room filled with hired furniture, she thought he was somebody else, for he had not come upstairs humming

the most catching air afloat in musical circles, or in his usual careless way.

"What's the matter, Jack?" she said, without looking up from a note she was writing.

"Well—not much, that I know."

"Oh, but there is," she murmured as she wrote.

"Why—this cursed new lath in a sheet—I mean the new parson! He wants us to stop the band-playing on Sunday afternoons."

Laura looked up aghast.

"Why, it is the one thing that enables the few rational beings hereabouts to keep alive from Saturday to Monday!"

"He says all the town flock to the music and don't come to the service, and that the pieces played are profane, or mundane, or inane, or something—not what ought to be played on Sunday. Of course 'tis Lautmann who settles those things."

(Lautmann was the bandmaster.)

The barrack-green on Sunday afternoons had, indeed, become the promenade of a great many townspeople cheerfully inclined, many even of those who attended in the morning at Mr. Sainway's service; and little boys who ought to have been listening to the curate's afternoon lecture were too often seen rolling about upon the grass behind the more dignified listeners.

Laura heard no more about the matter, however, for two or three weeks, when, suddenly remembering it, she asked her husband if any further objections had been raised.

"Oh—Mr. Sainway. I forgot to tell you. I've made his acquaintance. He is not a bad sort of man."

Laura asked if either Maumbry or some other of the officers did not give the presumptuous curate a good setting down for his interference.

"Oh, well—we've forgotten that. He's a stunning preacher, they tell me."

The acquaintance developed, apparently; for the captain said to her a little later on: "There's a good deal in Sainway's argument about having no band on Sunday afternoons. After all, it is close to his church. But he doesn't press his objections unduly."

"I am surprised to hear you defend him!"

"It was only a passing thought of mine. We naturally don't wish to offend the inhabitants of the town if they don't like it."

"But they do!"

The invalid in the oriel never clearly gathered the details of progress in this conflict of lay and clerical opinion; but so it was that, to the disappointment of musicians, the grief of outwalking lovers, and the regret of the junior population of the town and country round, the band-playing on Sunday afternoons ceased in Casterbridge Barrack-square.

By this time the Maumbrys had frequently listened to the preaching of the gentle curate; for these light-natured, hit-or-miss, racketsy people went to church like others for respectability's sake. A more remarkable event was the sight, to the man in the window, of Captain Maumbry and Mr. Sainway walking down the High Street in earnest conversation. On his mentioning this fact to a caller, he was assured that it was a matter of common talk that they were always together.

The observer would soon have learned this with his own eyes if he had not been told. They began to pass together nearly every day. Hitherto Mrs. Maumbry, in fashionable walking-clothes, had usually been her husband's companion; but this was less frequent now. The close and singular friendship between the two men went on for nearly a year, when Mr. Sainway was presented to a living in a densely populated town in the Midland counties. He bade the parishioners of his old place a reluctant farewell, and departed, the touching sermon he preached on the occasion being published by the local printer. Everybody was sorry to lose him; and it was with genuine grief that his Casterbridge congregation learned later on that, soon after his induction to his benefice, during some bitter weather, he had fallen seriously ill of inflammation of the lungs, of which he eventually died.

We now get below the surface of things. Of all who had known the dead curate, none grieved for him like the man who on his first arrival had called him a "lath in a sheet." Mrs. Maumbry had never greatly sympathized with the impressive parson; indeed, she had been secretly glad that he had gone away to better himself. He had

considerably diminished the pleasures of a woman by whom the joys of earth and good company had been appreciated to the full. Sorry for her husband in his loss of a friend who had been none of hers, she was yet quite unprepared for the sequel. "There is something that I have wanted to tell you lately, dear," he said one morning at breakfast, with hesitation. "Have you guessed what it is?"

She had guessed nothing.

"That I think of retiring from the army."

"What!"

"I have thought more and more of Sainway since his death, and of what he used to say to me so earnestly. And I feel sure I shall be right in obeying a call within me to give up this fighting trade and enter the church."

"What—be a parson?"

"Yes."

"But what should I do?"

"Be a parson's wife."

"Never!" she affirmed.

"But how can you help it?"

"I'll run away rather!" she said, vehemently.

"No, you mustn't," Maumbry replied, in the tone he used when his mind was made up. "You'll get accustomed to the idea, for I am constrained to carry it out, though it is against my worldly interests. I am forced on by a hand outside me to tread in the steps of Sainway."

"Jack," she asked, with calm pallor and round eyes, "do you mean to say seriously that you are arranging to be a curate instead of a soldier?"

"I might say a curate *is* a soldier—of the church militant; but I don't want to offend you with doctrine. I distinctly say, yes."

Late one evening, a little time later, he caught her sitting by the dim firelight in her room. She did not know he entered; and he heard her weeping quietly. "What are you crying about, poor dearest?" he said.

She started. "Because of what you have told me!"

The captain grew very unhappy; but he was undeterred.

In due time the town learned, to its intense surprise, that Captain Maumbry had

retired from the —th Hussars, and gone to a theological college to prepare for the ministry.

IV.

"Oh, the pity of it! Such a fine soldier—so spirited—such an acquisition to the town—the soul of social life here! And now!—one should not speak ill of the dead, but that dreadful Mr. Sainway—it was too cruel of him."

This is a summary of what was said when Captain, now the Reverend, John Maumbry was enabled by circumstances to indulge his heart's desire of returning to the scene of his former exploits in the capacity of a minister of the gospel. A low-lying district of the town, which at that date was crowded with impoverished cottagers, was crying for a curate, and Mr. Maumbry generously offered himself as one willing to undertake labors that were certain to produce little result, and no thanks, credit or emolument.

Let the truth be told about him as a clergyman: he proved to be anything but a brilliant success. Painstaking, single-minded, deeply in earnest as all could see, his delivery was labored, his sermons were dull to listen to, and, alas, too, too long. Even the dispassionate judges who sat by the hour in the bar-parlor of the White Hart—an inn standing at the dividing line between the poor quarter aforesaid and the fashionable quarter of Maumbry's former triumphs, and hence affording a position of strict impartiality—agreed in substance with the young ladies to the westward, though their views were somewhat more tersely expressed: "Surely, God A'mighty spwiled a good sojer to make a bad pa'son when He shifted Cap'n Ma'mbry into a sarplless!"

The latter knew that such things were said, but he pursued his daily labors in and out of the hovels with serene unconcern.

It was about this time that the invalid in the oriel became more than a mere bowing acquaintance of Mrs. Maumbry's. She had returned to the town with her husband, and was living with him in a little house in the center of his circle of ministration, when by some means she became one of the invalid's visitors. After a general conversation while sitting in

his room with a friend of both, an incident led up to the matter that still rankled deeply in her soul. Her face was now paler and thinner than it had been, but more attractive, for her disappointments inscribed themselves as meek thoughtfulness on a look that was once a little frivolous. The two ladies had called to be allowed to use the window for observing the departure of the Hussars, who were going to barracks much nearer to London.

The troopers turned a corner of Barrack Road into the top of High Street, headed by their band playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me" (which was formerly always the tune for such times, though it is now nearly disused). They came and passed the oriel, where an officer or two, looking up and discovering Mrs. Maumbry, saluted her, whose eyes filled with tears as the notes of the cavalry waned away. Before the little group had recovered from that sense of the romantic which such spectacles impart, Mr. Maumbry came along the pavement. He probably had bidden his former brethren-in-arms a farewell at the top of the street, for he walked from that direction, in his rather shabby clerical clothes, and with a basket on his arm which seemed to hold some purchases he had been making for his poorer parishioners. Unlike the soldiers, he went along quite unconscious of his appearance, or of the scene around.

The contrast was too much for Laura.

With lips that now quivered, she asked the invalid what he thought of the change that had come to her.

It was difficult to answer, and with a wilfulness too strong in her she repeated the question.

"Do you think," she added, "that a woman's husband has a right to do such a thing, even if he does feel a certain call to it?"

Her listener sympathized too largely with both of them to be anything but unsatisfactory in his reply. Laura gazed longingly out of the window toward the thin dusty line of Hussars, now smalling toward Mellstock Ridge. "I," she said, "who should have been in their van on the way to London, am doomed to fester in a hole in Durnover Lane!"

Many events had passed, and many ru-

mors had been current concerning her, before the invalid saw her again after her leavetaking that day.

V.

Casterbridge had known many military and civil episodes; many happy times, and times less happy: and now came the time of her visitation. The scourge of cholera had been laid on the suffering country, and the low-lying purlieus of this ancient borough had more than their share of the infliction. Mixen Lane, in the Durnover quarter, and in Maumbry's parish, was where the blow fell most heavily. Yet there was a certain mercy in its choice of a date, for Maumbry was the man for such an hour.

The spread of the epidemic was so rapid that many left the town, and took lodgings in the villages and farms. Mr. Maumbry's house was close to the most infected street, and he himself was occupied morn, noon and night in endeavors to stamp out the plague, and in alleviating the sufferings of the victims. So, as a matter of ordinary precaution, he decided to isolate his wife somewhere away from him for a while.

She suggested a village by the sea, near Budmouth Regis, and lodgings were obtained for her at Creston, a spot divided from the Casterbridge valley by a high ridge that gave it quite another atmosphere, though it lay no more than six miles off.

Thither she went. While she was rusticated in this place of safety, and her husband was slaving in the slums, she struck up an acquaintance with a lieutenant in the —th Foot, a Mr. Vannicock, who was stationed with his regiment at the Budmouth infantry barracks. As Laura frequently sat on the shelving beach, watching each thin wave slide up to her, and hearing without heeding its gnaw at the pebbles in its retreat, he often took a walk that way.

The acquaintance grew and ripened. Her situation, her history, her beauty, her age—a year or two above his own—all tended to make an impression on the young man's heart, and a reckless flirtation was soon in blithe progress upon that lonely shore.

It was said by her detractors afterward that she had chosen her lodging to be near this gentleman, but there is reason to be-

lieve that she had never seen him till her arrival there. Just now Casterbridge was so deeply occupied with its own sad affairs—a daily burying of the dead and destruction of contaminated clothes and bedding—that it had little inclination to promulgate such gossip as may have reached its ears on the pair. Nobody considered Laura in the tragic cloud which overhung all.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the hill, the very mood of men was in contrast. The visitation there had been slight, and much earlier; and normal occupations and pastimes had been resumed. Mr. Maumbry had arranged to see Laura twice a week, in the open air that she might run no risk from him; and, having heard nothing of the faint rumor, he met her as usual one dry and windy afternoon on the summit of the dividing hill, near where the high-road from town to town crosses the old Ridge-way at right angles.

He waved his hand, and smiled as she approached, shouting to her: "We will keep this wall between us, dear." (Walls formed the field-fences here.) "You mustn't be endangered. It won't be for long, with God's help."

"I will do as you tell me, Jack. But you are running too much risk yourself, aren't you? I get little news of you; but I fancy you are."

"Not more than others."

Thus somewhat formally they talked, an insulating wind beating the wall between them like a mill-weir.

"But you wanted to ask me something?" he added.

"Yes. You know we are trying in Budmouth to raise some money for your sufferers; and the way we have thought of is by a dramatic performance. They want me to take a part."

His face saddened. "I have known so much of that sort of thing, and all that accompanies it! I wish you had thought of some other way."

She said lightly that she was afraid it was all settled. "You object to my taking a part, then? Of course——"

He told her that he did not like to say he positively objected. He wished they had chosen an oratorio, or a lecture, or anything more in keeping with the necessity it was to relieve.

"But," said she, impatiently, "people won't come to oratorios or lectures! They will crowd to comedies and farces."

"Well, I cannot dictate to Budmouth how it shall earn the money it is going to give us. Who is getting up this performance?"

"The boys of the —th."

"Ah, yes; our old game!" replied Mr. Maumbry. "The grief of Casterbridge is the excuse for their frivolity. Candidly, dear Laura, I wish you wouldn't play in it. But I don't forbid you to. I leave the whole to your judgment."

The interview ended, and they went their ways northward and southward. Time disclosed to all concerned that Mrs. Maumbry played in the comedy as the heroine, the lover's part being taken by Mr. Vannicock.

VI.

Thus was helped on an event which the conduct of the mutually attracted ones had been generating for some time.

It is unnecessary to give details. The —th Foot left for Bristol, and this precipitated their action. After a week of hesitation she agreed to leave her home at Creston and meet Vannicock on the ridge hard by, and to accompany him to Bath, where he had secured lodgings for her, so that she would be only about a dozen miles from his quarters.

Accordingly, on the evening chosen, she laid on her dressing-table a note for her husband, running thus:—

"DEAR JACK,—I am unable to endure this life any longer, and I have resolved to put an end to it. I told you I should run away if you persisted in being a clergyman, and now I am doing it. One cannot help one's nature. I have resolved to throw in my lot with Mr. Vannicock, and I hope, rather than expect, you will forgive me.—L."

Then, with hardly a scrap of luggage, she went ascending to the ridge in the dusk of early evening. Almost on the very spot where her husband had stood, she beheld the outline of Vannicock, who had come all the way from Bristol to fetch her.

"I don't like meeting here—it is so unlucky!" she cried to him. "For God's sake let us have a place of our own. Go

back to the milestone, and I'll come on."

He went back to the milestone that stands on the north slope of the ridge, where the old and new roads diverge, and she joined him there.

She was taciturn and sorrowful when he asked her why she would not meet him on the top. At last she inquired how they were going to travel.

He explained that he proposed to walk to Mellstock Hill, on the other side of Casterbridge, where a fly was waiting to take them by a cross-cut into the Ivell Road, and onward to that town. The Bristol railway was open to Ivell.

This plan they followed, and walked briskly through the dull gloom till they neared Casterbridge, which place they avoided by turning to the right at the Amphitheater, and bearing round to Durnover Cross. Thence the way was solitary and open to the hill whereon the Ivell fly awaited them.

"I have noticed for some time," she said, "a lurid glare over the Durnover end of the town. It seems to come from somewhere about Mixen Lane."

"The lamps," he suggested.

"There's not a lamp as big as a rush-light in the whole town. It is where the cholera is worst."

By Standfast Corner, a little beyond the Cross, they suddenly obtained an end view of the lane. Large bonfires were burning in the middle of the way, with a view to purifying the air; and from the wretched tenements with which the lane was lined in those days, persons were bringing out bedding and clothing. Some was thrown into the fires, the rest placed in wheelbarrows and wheeled into the mead directly in the track of the fugitives.

They followed on, and came up to where a copper was set in the open air. Here the linen was boiled and disinfected. By the light of the lanterns Laura discovered that her husband was standing by the copper, and that it was he who unloaded the barrow and immersed its contents. The night was so calm and muggy that the conversation by the copper reached her ears.

"Are there many more loads to-night?"

"There's the clothes o' they that died this afternoon, sir. But that might bide till to-morrow, for you must be tired out."

"We'll do it at once; and I can't ask anybody else to undertake it. Overturn that load on the grass, and fetch the rest."

The man did so, and went off with the barrow. Maumbry paused for a moment to wipe his face, and resumed his homely drudgery, pressing down and stirring the contents of the copper with what looked like an old rolling-pin. The steam therefrom, laden with death, traveled in a low trail across the meadow.

Laura spoke suddenly: "I won't go to-night, after all. He is so tired, and I must help him. I didn't know things were so bad as this!"

Vannicock's arm dropped from her waist, where it had been resting as they walked. "Will you leave?" she asked.

"I will if you say I must. But I'd rather help too." There was no expostulation in his tone.

Laura had gone forward. "Jack," she said, "I am come to help."

The weary curate turned, and held up the lantern. "Oh—what, is it you, Laura?" he asked in surprise. "Why did you come into this? You had better go back—the risk is great."

"But I want to help you, Jack. Please let me help! I didn't come by myself—Mr. Vannicock kept me company. He will make himself useful too, if he's not gone on. Mr. Vannicock!"

The young lieutenant came forward. Mr. Maumbry spoke formally to him, adding, as he resumed his labor, "I thought the —th had gone to Bristol."

"We have. But I have run down again for a few things."

The two newcomers began to assist, Vannicock placing on the ground the small bag containing Laura's toilet articles that he had been carrying. The barrowman soon returned with another load, and all continued work for another half hour, when a coachman came out from the shadows to the north.

"Beg pardon, sir," he whispered to Vannicock, "but I've waited so long on the hill that at last I drove down to the turnpike; and seeing the light, I ran on to find out what had happened."

Lieutenant Vannicock told him to wait a few minutes, and the last barrowload was got through. Mr. Maumbry stretched

himself and breathed heavily, saying, "There; we can do no more."

As if from the relaxation of effort, he seemed to be seized with violent pain. He pressed his hands to his sides and bent forward.

"Ah! I think it has got hold of me at last," he said with difficulty. "I must try to get home. Let Mr. Vannicock take you back, Laura."

He walked a few steps, they helping him, but was obliged to sink down on the grass.

"I am—afraid—you'll have to send for a hurdle, or shutter, or something," he went on feebly, "or try to get me into the barrow."

But Vannicock had called to the driver of the fly, and they waited till it was brought from the turnpike hard by. Mr. Maumbry was placed therein. Laura entered with him, and they drove to his humble residence near the Cross, where he was got upstairs.

Vannicock stood outside by the empty fly awhile, but Laura did not appear. He thereupon entered the fly, and told the driver to take him back to Ivell.

VII.

Mr. Maumbry had overexerted himself in the relief of the suffering poor, and fell a victim—one of the last—to the pestilence which had carried off so many. Two days later he was in his coffin.

Laura was in the room below. A servant brought in some letters, and she glanced them over. One was the note from herself to Maumbry, informing him that she was unable to endure life with him any longer, and was about to elope with Vannicock. Having read the letter, she took it upstairs to where the dead man was, and slipped it into his coffin. The next day she buried him.

She was now free.

She shut up his house at Durnover Cross, and returned to her lodgings at Creston. Soon she had a letter from Vannicock, and six weeks after her husband's death her lover came to see her.

"I forgot to give you back this—that night," he said presently, handing her the little bag she had taken as her whole luggage when leaving.

Laura received it, and absently shook it out.

There fell upon the carpet her brush, comb, slippers, and other simple necessities for a journey. They had an intolerably ghastly look now, and she tried to cover them.

"I can now," he said, "ask you to belong to me legally—when a proper interval has gone—instead of as we meant."

There was languor in his utterance, hinting at a possibility that it was perfunctorily made.

Laura picked up her articles, and answered that he certainly could so ask her—she was free. Yet not her expression either could be called an ardent response. Then she blinked more and more quickly, and put her handkerchief to her face. She was weeping violently.

He did not move or try to comfort her in any way. What had come between them? No living person. They had been lovers. There was now no material obstacle whatever to their union. But there was the insistent shadow of that unconscious one; the thin figure of him moving to and fro in front of the furnace in the gloom of Durnover Moor.

Yet Vannicock called upon Laura when he was in the neighborhood, which was not often; but in two years, as if on purpose to further the marriage which everybody was expecting, the —th Foot returned to Budmouth Regis.

Thereupon the two could not help encountering each other at times. But whether because the obstacle had been the source of the love, or from a sense of error, or because Mrs. Maumbry bore a less attractive look as a widow than before, their feelings seemed to decline from their former incandescence to a mere tepid civility. What domestic issues supervened in Vannicock's further story the man in the oriel never knew, but Mrs. Maumbry lived and died a widow.

KINGS OF THE HIGHWAYS AND HIGH SEAS.

Illustrated from curious old prints.

BY EDGAR SALTUS.

THERE is nothing so beautiful as a beautiful crime. Beauty is vacating the earth. The charm of crime is departing with it. The world has become too utilitarian for either. It is in history that their memory survives. There, on a splendid page, is the splendid figure of Raleigh. Behind him are Morgan, Drake, Jean Bart and Captain Kidd. In the perspective there are others; Cartouche, for instance, Jack Sheppard, Dick Turpin, Claude Duval and Jonathan Wild. With these not merely has history been occupied, but romance, drama and poetry too. But that is natural. If not always fascinating, particularly in the dark or on Hounslow Heath, they had the great merit of picturesqueness.

It was noticed of Marlborough that he refused with a grace greater than another could grant. We may be in error, we often are, but we entertain a suspicion that some of these outlaws robbed with a suavity sener than philanthropists bestow. In default of wealth they had wit. In lieu of decorum they had daring. They were fine fellows every one. Off the stage they are not to be matched to-day. We assume that the police are just as well pleased, yet in circles that are less useful and for that reason more ornamental, we know that they are missed. That too is natural. They did not content themselves with being fine fellows, they were diverting as well. Qualities of that high order are not observable now. In politics we have, for our sins, plenty of strapping bandits still.

In finance there are some singularly robust thieves. But though diverting it is in quite another sense. They are daring indeed. They are afraid of nothing but danger. Yet otherwise they are dull enough for caricature and that is all.

It is for this reason we note, and, in noting, regret, that the fine spirit of the old marauders is not among us any more. Their ultimate survivor was Athenas. Before that gentleman retired from business he was known as the Terror of the Balkans.

At Tscherskeskoi a few years ago he held up the Orient Express, ran a party of tourists into the mountains and, until their ransoms came, entertained them with pleasant threats. He is the last of the brigands. There are some in Italy still but they are mongrels. They do not enjoy the esteem of the people. Their romance has departed, their traditions have too. It is the same way in Spain. There also has art fallen from its high estate.

Fra Diavolo is no more. Neither is

Hernani. The latter may be Hugoesque, but the former is historic. He came of the great breed of bandits which, founded by Romulus, culminated in Napoleon. One of the most delightful of the lot was a Calabrian. From a peasant he evolved into a potentate. He created himself King of the Woods, Lord of the Highroads, and forced Ferdinand I. to treat with him as with an equal. Fra Diavolo was another of the same stamp. Queen Caroline's pet, a favorite at court, from bandit he turned



JEAN BART.

hero, not in Auber's opera merely, but in a revolution. Robin Hood was a small boy beside him. Then there was Corocotta, for whose head an emperor offered a million and who brought it himself, very high on his shoulders at that, claimed the reward and squandered it leisurely with Lalage and with Lydia.

It is from such splendid outlaws, through filiations more or less indirect, that Fielding and Ainsworth got a trapping or two for their heroes. Ainsworth was the author of a hundred novels and a thousand crimes. The best concerns Jack Sheppard.

Jack the Slip-String is more famed for his escapes than for his escapades. The latter were ordinary burglaries which no gentleman not in his cups would do more than boast of. It is his escapes that were stunning. We lack the ability to tell them all, which is a detail, for we lack also the space. One, though, is immemorial. Alone in a stone cell at Newgate, handcuffed and chained to the floor, he broke loose, pulled down a cartload of masonry, made his way through a nine-foot wall, climbed a chimney, forced one after another six massive



doors, one of which the turnkeys themselves could not open, got to the roof, found it too high for gymnastics, went back to the cell, rummaged through that masonry, secured a blanket, returned to the leads, made fast the blanket, slid down it and away. A fortnight later, when, after various fresh burglaries, he was recaptured, history says that, splendidly drunk, beautifully attired and amazingly insolent, he defied his keepers, with all their irons, to have and to hold him long.

"Nothing," says a contemporary account, "contributes so much to the entertainment of the town as the adventures of Jack Sheppard." We should say so. They attracted to him sufficient attention to make a prima donna blush. They inspired pantomimes, farces, melodramas, even an opera, and, as already noted, the fountain-pen of the late Mr. Ainsworth. His biographies leaped from the press. The King inquired very kindly about him. People known as Persons of Distinction sat at his manacled feet and listened to the surprising tale of his prowess. The president of the Royal Academy felt honored to paint his portrait. Fine ladies came to stare and stayed to soothe. Such are the rewards of honest husbandry.

For all his virtues, Jack was small potatoes beside Dick Turpin. Nor could he hold a candle to Claude Duval. The latter



DICK TURPIN AND HIS FAMOUS MARE.

has descended to us dressed in pages of romance, gay, graceful, good-looking, the very devil of a chap with the women. Born in the Norman town of Domfront, it is related of a new curate there that, surprised at the number of births and infrequent deaths, he learned that all who were born at Domfront were hanged elsewhere.

Claude Duval was one of the number. After hanging, he lay in a room draped with black velvet, ornamented with escutcheons, lit with tall tapers and guarded by gentlemen of rank. Those were the good old days. During his enjoyment of them he promenaded Hounslow Heath, where he held up knights and carried on outrageously with their ladies. Women adored him. Novelists too. "Emigravit" is not the inscription on the tombstone where he lies—yet dead he is not but departed, for the artist in highwayry never dies.

Dick Turpin is a case in point. In "Rookwood," a story which enchanted us in the nursery and which has since got itself lost in the dust-bins of fiction, he is described as everything that was bold and gallant. Historians have called him a dull ruffian. But we know that historians are not sticklers for truth. They have, for instance, denied his famous ride on his famous Black Bess and credited it to another scoundrel. That is not right. Besides, the Chronicles of Crime are against them. Here are the facts. One day at dawn, Dick, in his bold and gallant fashion, cried "Stand and deliver!" at a Cripplegate cockney. Sur-

prised by the watch, he jumped on Bess, shot to the north as a meteor might, covered two hundred miles at a stretch, and, though Bess died in the effort, she landed him at York in just fifteen hours. Captured there a few days later, witnesses testified that on the evening of the day on which the robbery was committed in London, the prisoner was playing bowls on the green at York. As, at the time, the journey required four days, the testimony was unanswerable. Turpin's identity was doubted. People came and peeped at him. A young gentleman who knew it all offered

to bet a guinea that the prisoner was not the highwayman. Said Dick to the keeper, "Lay him the wager, I'll go you halves." Of such fine stuff was the hero of "Rookwood" made.

Cartouche is another case in point. Composed of material equally fine and perhaps even finer, he too enjoys a wide halo of romance. That he deserved. He was not merely wicked, he was a wit, a practical jok-



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

er at that. One night he furnished his house with another man's furniture, set the table with the victim's plate and, managing to meet him haphazard, asked him home to sup. The guest did not know his host from Adam, but his own chattels he knew at once. He flew into a rage, whipped out his sword and was for doing him then and there. All of which, as may be imagined, did not alarm the footpad in the least. "I am Cartouche," he announced with silken sweetness, and such was the potency of the name that the guest

apologized and withdrew. We must not believe everything we hear, but it is recorded that the cry "Here's Cartouche!" would empty the fullest street.

All this was in Paris considerably over two hundred and fifty years ago. There, ultimately, Cartouche was broken on the wheel. Previously he mapped the city into districts, stationed captains and underlings in each, planned and supervised the robberies which they committed, squandered the booty in magnificent ways, entertained duchesses, made love to princesses, and, when finally taken, laughed his guards out of countenance, stung them with the wit and venom of his tongue, corrected with an impertinence the grammar of the death-warrant which they brought, and died at last, not in an odor of sanctity exactly, but consoled, perhaps, with the consciousness of a well-spent life.

In Cartouche the art of highwayry reached its apogee. He made of it a monopoly which, time favoring, would have developed into a trust. He was not a thief merely, he was a genius. Reverse the statement and there is Shakespeare's epitaph. Shakespeare sacked everybody right and left and gloried in it. He was not merely a genius and a thief—he was an expansionist. The territories which he annexed he made part and parcel of his glorious realm. The same is true of Dante. It is true of Milton. It is true of Goethe. Every school-boy knows what a highwayman Vergil was. Said Molière, "I take my property where I find it." Said Dumas, "These pages with which I am accused of eloping are so many young women who were not in good company and whom I have put where they belong." Said Rossini, "That fugue is too good for the pig who composed it"—and pocketed it then and there. Said Cartouche, "The rich exist to be robbed. It is their excuse for being."

Whether he was right or not depends on the point of view, on the opportunity also, on genius and its saving grace. Cartouche's thefts were not limited to purses. After the fashion of men of letters, he stole ideas. The monopoly which he founded he did not originate, he lifted it bodily from Jonathan Wild. There is the good old literary method. We have cited a few examples of it, but to mention all who have been caught

with their fingers in other people's paragraphs would require, not a column, but a catalogue. Robberies of this kind are so common that long ago it ceased to be important whether an author found something before it was lost or whether he didn't. Since the days of Shakespeare's splendid audacities, the one point to be considered is, did the finder embellish what he took?

Jonathan Wild was a fence. He received stolen goods, he disposed of them, and he blackmailed the thieves in and out of jail. There was the idea. Cartouche took it and decked it and turned what had been a small and ignoble trade



THE MONARCH OF SHERWOOD.



CARTOUCHE.



JONATHAN WILD,
Thief-Taker General
of Great Britain
and Ireland 1725.



SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

into a great industry which became a monopoly and might have become a trust. In walks of life not precisely similar to his but quite cognate, he had successors whose local descendants do us an honor—or they think they do—in asking us to dine.

Beside a genius such as Cartouche, who the dickens was Captain Kidd? Seen through the footnotes of history the latter looks very trite. The violent hands which romance laid upon him was due to the mystery of his treasure—a mystery, parenthetically, which the researches of a foreign cryptogrammatist have recently dispelled. Kidd himself was little more than the agent of a syndicate formed for the purpose of preying on pirates. The promoters were earls and dukes. When, after various vilenesses, Kidd was tried at Old Bailey, he declared himself the “innocentest of the lot.” We have not a doubt of it. They had taken him but for a knave. He had taken them for fools. They were all in error. They were knaves and fools combined. Yet, however knavish and foolish Kidd may have been, he had his moment of glory, which is more than can be said of his backers. He is remembered and they are forgot.

Hoisting the black flag on his galley, the “Adventure,” he sailed from New York to Madeira, thence to the Cape and on to

Madagascar, holding up and capturing everything he met. One poor devil swore that he had robbed him to the tune of sixty thousand sterling. That is a handy sum to have in a galley. He had, though, much more. Where he hid it the “Figaro” has told. In January of last year it discovered in the course of a leading article that Kidd sunk the treasure in one of the vast lakes which, as all the world is aware, are situated in the center of Central Park. According to the “Figaro,” he sunk it in such a fashion that it could be reached only at low tide. Here the plot thickens. For purposes not literary but mnemonic, the captain jotted on a piece of paper figures of the meridian which exactly indicated the site. That piece of paper the original Astor found. With it, and, we assume, at low tide, he gutted the place. Said the “Figaro,” “From that epoch dates the fantastic fortune of his descendants.” The “Figaro” was good enough to add, “This is quite a romance.” We should say so. By comparison Poe’s “Gold Bug” is dull.

But no matter about that. Kidd, in spite of his faults and those of the “Figaro,” figured and figured well in a tiptop trade. Considered as a vocation, piracy has been regarded as highly genteel. It has been very useful too. We are indebted to it for many things. Among them are the first seeds of culture, commercial enterprise, the science of navigation and an

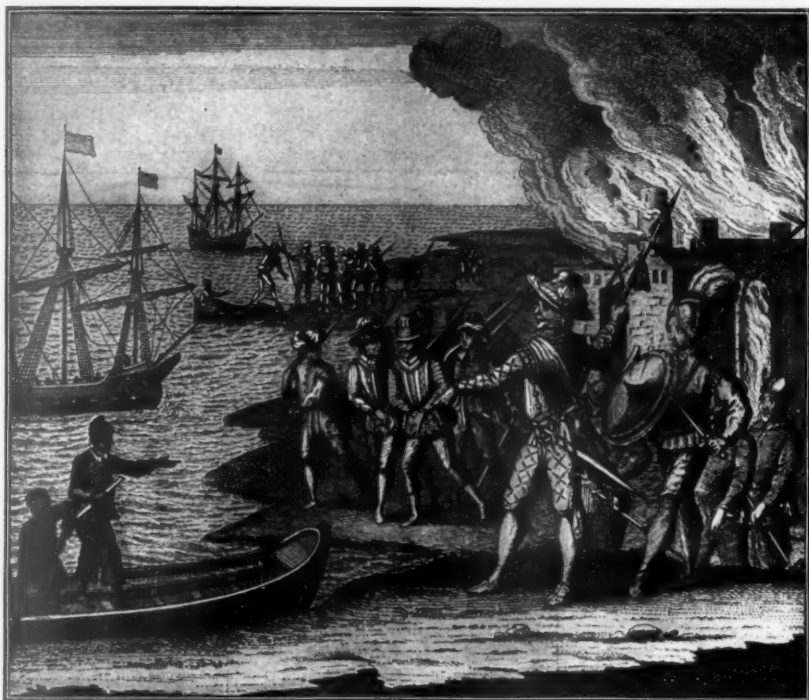


JACK SHEPPARD IN NEWGATE.

armful of Cooper's novels. The Argonauts were pirates. From them infant Greece learned to spell. The Carthaginians were pirates. They educated Spain. From Tyr to the Pillars of Hercules it was through piracy that civilization spread. To the poets of antiquity, corsairs were gods. It was from them that blessings were supposed to come. Men then, that were men, were bandits on land and pirates at sea. The legends of their days and deeds constitute the best of the early traditions.

Raleigh. Signores priores. Raleigh first.

Raleigh appeared in an epoch of stirring deeds, of sonorous dramas and magnificent dreams. The world was larger. A bubble called Ignorance had burst. There were new horizons, unsuspected constellations, there were seas, skies, realms and riches of which Europe had no memory and of which history had omitted to tell. By papal decree it was given all to Spain. That country, on which the sun never sets—because perhaps it could not trust it in the



RALEIGH TAKING THE ISLE OF TRINIDAD.

Said one of them to Alexander, "You and I own the world." To the Phœceans of Marseillie, piracy was a form of chivalry. It was recognized as having created shipping, perfected navigation and started commerce. Yet presently it was recognized also that its utility had ceased. From a blessing it retrograded into a curse. Through the efforts of Scott, of Byron and of Cooper the romance of it revived. Its great masters were Drake and Morgan and

dark—was then the mightiest on earth. To any Protestant who ventured into its oceans there was a steadfast menace of "irons without sight of sun or moon."

The threat fell idly on the ears of Raleigh and of Drake. The latter ravaged the Peruvian coast like a whirlwind, took for ballast the ingots of Potosi, filled the chinks with diamonds, dusted it all with pearls and emeralds of a great galleon, rounded the Horn, made for home, sailed

Student's Christian Association,
Not to be taken from the room

back again, entered San Juan de Puerto Rico and sacked it.

In the neighborhood was Sir Walter Raleigh. Of all the buccaneers he was the biggest. Others took what they could get. He did also and hearts besides. You remember the story about him and Queen Elizabeth. She called him a little dear. But Coke called him a spider from hades. That, though, is gossip. The point is that precisely as Ponce de Leon sought the Fountain of Youth, so did Raleigh seek, and, as a mask for other adventures, pretend to find, Eldorado.

The belief in a city of gold and gems was one of the hallucinations of the age. Near the Orinoco stretched, it was rumored, a land so rich that beside it the wealth of Mexico was genteel poverty. The rumor, running from Lisbon to London, gathered embroideries in transit. It set Europe mad. According to sudden but not standard authorities, in the center of an island of glimmering green stood a palace. Built of malachite, fronted with columns of jasper, surrounded with galleries of sandal, it surged an image of what paradise may be. In the backyard rose three mountains, one of ruby, one of sapphire and one of gold. Within was a delicious court where fount-



CARTOUCHE'S ESCAPE.

ains plashed and lions roamed and quetzals showed their tender colors to the sun.

El Dorado, literally The Gilded, so called because of the magnificence of his appearance, was the sovereign of this enchantment. His body, rubbed each morning with gum, was dusted with gold powder. The costume being less convenient than pyjamas, at night he was scrubbed and on the morrow regilded. Expeditions to the fantastic realm of this fabulous Inca started from every port. One of them was captained by Sir Walter. Three hundred and five years ago he sailed for Trinidad and incidentally for anything and everything else that might come handy. The game he bagged, History, like the tired old gossip she is, has not always enumerated. But the details imagination can supply. The picturesque point is that he found Trinidad, the mountains too, but of the gold and gems and lions and quetzals, of El Dorado and the circumambient enchantment, not a trace. It will be assumed that on his return he exploded the legend. Not a bit of it. He said that the place was just as it had been described only more so, and to Queen Elizabeth he related that at sight of her picture the admiration of the Gilded One was such that he fainted. No



DICK TURPIN AT HIS LABORS.

wonder she called him a little dear. No wonder that when the lie was discovered Coke called him a spider from hades. Sir Walter was not merely a pirate, he was a poet.

There were others. In those days, and particularly in the ample morrows which succeeded them, the Caribbean swarmed with corsairs. Gentlemen of different

nationalities cruised through its waters in search of glory, of gold and of gore. The gore was Spanish, so was the gold. The glory consisted in spilling the one and securing the other. Success was continuous. The enterprise, recognized by England, sanctioned by France, assumed the proportions of a liberal profession. Young men took to buccaneering instead of the bar. One of their round-houses was San Domingo. On its southern shore there still stands the castle of an old corsair. It is tall if tottering, and it is

beautified with machicoulis surmounted by a crenelated top through which the mouths of cannon chatted. They chatted very pertinently. Now and again they welcomed friends and allies, but their chief topic of conversation was Death. It was Morgan who prompted them.

Morgan was a Welshman, but not otherwise a thief. In the perspective of history

he resembles a giant. There his figure projects. Behind it is a fleet manned with two thousand demons. They were pirates and he was their chief. As a lad he shipped before the mast, reached the Antilles, met Manswelt, the Dutch filibuster, enrolled under the black flag, mounted hand over hand to the grade of commodore, and when Manswelt died made

himself admiral. His first achievement was the sack of Puerto Principe. Puerto Bello was the next to fall. Over the city a pestilence stalked. It arose from the putrefaction of the unburied dead. Guzman, President of Panama, came to the rescue. He brought with him an army and left a ransom. It was not the pestilence that frightened him, it was Morgan. Then presently the latter was afar, leaning against the Pillars of Hercules, threatening to pull them down, attacking Gibraltar, silencing the



CAPTAIN KIDD, "THE INNOCENTEST OF THEM ALL."

forts there and demolishing a fleet. Meanwhile at San Domingo he had stored his booty. It seemed inconsiderable. To increase it he returned to Panamá. There were eight thousand men to receive him. He did them up, took the town and with it seven million in coin and jewels. The booty was a nest-egg. He would have multiplied it. But wind, weather and

treaties prevented. Peace between England and Spain was arranged. By way of compensation he was knighted. Thereupon he married, settled down, lived to tell grandchildren tales of his hazardous youth—the story of the high seas or which he had been King—and which we hope the brats appreciated. We doubt it though. It was too good for them. In fiction as it is spelled to-day there is nothing half so stirring.

A MAGAZINE MONOTONE.

BY THOMAS BICKET.

EAGER, asearch, I often wander o'er
The thousand pages of a bookman's store,
Thinking, forsooth, by some fair chance to find
A mighty message from a master mind;
Hoping some less acclaimed above them all
May grace the contents, and my prize befall—
But ah, the things I read and treasure so
Are over names I really do not know.

The Potent Scribe, the Protégé of Fame
Who sprawls the cover with his vaunted name,
Tells not the tale I mutter in affright
Nor sings the song I echo in delight;
Not his—not his I take within my heart
For trenchant truth in pearls of printed art.
They're farther on, in smaller type, and lo—
They're signed by names I really do not know.

Often, abroad, in praise of fulsome kind
I hear the names of Those Who Are Enshrined,
I mark the talk go chattering to and fro
From lips that guess to hearts that do not know—
And in my heart I rear for me a throne
Where Worth shall sit and sit by worth alone,
And on the height, with Fame far flung below,
I write the names I really do not know.

Therefore (and now my voice is hushed and low)
Write on, I plead, O Names I Do Not Know!
Thy tale is true that binds one brother-tie,
Thy song is worth that finds one answer-cry;
And in the idlers of a bookman's store,
Turning, asearch, its thousand pages o'er,
There may be more who think as I, and so
Rejoice in names they really do not know.

THE DAUGHTER OF REB AVROM LEIB.

BY ABRAHAM CAHAN.

I.

WELCOMING SABBATH, THE BRIDE.

AS Aaron Zalkin emerged from the Broadway hotel where he usually dined, and it dawned upon him that there was not a single house where he might pass an hour or two in intimate, hearty conversation, a great feeling of loneliness took hold of him. The dazzling affluence of the stores and cafés amid which he always felt at home, seemed like a practical joke on him. The married poor devils who worked under his "sweaters" were at this moment enjoying their homes. He was homeless. His heart began to yearn for the Jewish quarter, his old home, and crossing over to Second Avenue he boarded a downtown elevated train.

The markets were deserted. Old people in their Saturday clothes were shuffling along on their way to the synagogues. It was Friday evening. Sabbath was settling over the great Ghetto.

Zalkin had not entered a synagogue since he left his native town. Now the house of worship across the street drew him into its fold.

As always on Sabbath eve, the synagogue was peopled very sparsely, but the empty pews only added a sense of roominess and comfort to the repose and festive self-complacency which shone out of every face. The women's gallery was deserted, save for an elderly matron in a discolored wig. Zalkin surveyed the holy ark, the golden "shield of David" on its velvet curtain, the illuminated omud, the reading-platform in the center, the faces of the worshipers as they hummed the Song of Songs or chatted in subdued tones. Usually he made these things the subject of banter. Now his heart warmed to them and he was glad that it did.

The cantor came in—a plump, narrow-shouldered, florid-faced, bustling little man with a massive grizzly beard which disturbed one's sense of equilibrium. At the same time a tall, good-looking girl of twenty-five or six, with a care-worn smile

and sparkling black eyes, appeared on the gallery above.

The cantor took a seat by the side of the rabbi near the holy ark, and at once fell to talking with ringing merriment, often bursting into a hearty laugh which caused him to throw back his head and slap his knees.

An old man by Zalkin's side was at this moment preparing to dip his fingers into his snuff-box, but noticing that the well-dressed stranger was looking at the new-comer in the women's synagogue, he said, in Yiddish:

"The cantor's girl."

"She comes ev'ry time he' fathe' sings," a boy added, in English.

Zalkin was interested. Another worshiper craned his neck to volunteer information. Reb Avrom Leib, the cantor, was a well-to-do member of the congregation, and in addition to saving it the expense of a professional "master of prayers," he contributed to the maintenance of a large choir during the autumn festivals.

The cantor mounted the platform. The sexton slapped the reading-desk for order. Some of the old men cleared their throats. Then there was silence.

"O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation!"

Reb Avrom Leib jerked the words out, as though calling his congregation to arms. The "joyful noise" came with a cordial outburst. Zalkin was thrilled. It was as if the corners of the house of God, the holy ark, the glistening chandeliers and the shimmering letters on the omud, broke forth singing of his childhood to him.

Reb Avrom Leib warmed up to his song of welcome. At first it was all an extemporaneous recitative, and he gave himself free rein. He bellowed, he moaned, he trilled, he sighed. Once or twice he puckered up his lips into the fond smile of a mother cooing to her baby, and dropping into a falsetto he sang with quiet ecstasy. Then, suddenly, his voice would blaze out again, bidding defiance, threatening, crying for help.

Zalkin received a nudge from his neighbor.

The ancient hymn was sung in a tune of the cantor's own composing:

"Come, my beloved, let us meet the Bride; the face of Sabbath let us welcome!

"Arise, arise, for thy light is come! Awake, awake and utter song, for behold! the glory of God is revealed upon thee.

"Come, my beloved, let us meet the Bride," et cetera.

As the whole congregation burst out chanting the refrain in the traditional melody, Zalkin found it more impressive than the cantor's own tune. He reflected that Reb Avrom Leib's song had little or no bearing upon the text. Some of his gesticulations inclined him to laughter, while his abrupt transitions jarred upon his nerves. As to the cantor's composition, Zalkin thought he could point out in it Hebraized snatches of popular operas and recent street music.

His first flush of exultation had died down. He had not seen the inside of a Jewish house of worship for fifteen years, yet he now felt as if he had never left off going to synagogue. Nevertheless each time he looked from father to daughter, the service acquired a fresh charm for him. Sophie was leaning forward, closely following her father. Now there would come a pained look into her face, now she would nod beaming approval.

During Maariv, when Reb Avrom Leib and the whole congregation were whispering the Eighteen Blessings, Zalkin met her eye. She forthwith looked away.

The service over, the congregation struck out for the door.

"Good Sabbath! Good Sabbath!" said the patriarchs, festively.

Zalkin could almost smell the fresh-baked Sabbath loaves and the steaming lokshen-soup awaiting them at home where things had been made tidy and the dining-table shone beneath the light of blessed candles. He paused at the head of the front steps to see the cantor and his daughter meet.

"Good Sabbath, father!"

"A good Sabbath and a good year to you, my child."

They were surrounded by several worshippers. Everybody chaffed the girl.

"When will we dance at your wedding?" asked Zalkin's pew-fellow. "I am tired of waiting."

"Are you? Then get me a suitor—only a nice one," she returned, with a laugh. "Foolish girl that you are," interposed her father. "A nice fellow he would keep for himself. He has his own marriageable girls to get rid of."

Zalkin tried to get a good look at her, but he could not, and was vexed inordinately. He watched them turn the corner and then he slunk off in the direction of the elevated train.

II.

SABBATH OF "COMFORT YE."

Zalkin's impressions of the cantor and his daughter soon faded out of his mind. Nevertheless, next Friday evening he at once remembered that it was Sabbath eve and started off to Reb Avrom Leib's synagogue, as a matter of course. The melody of his "Come, my beloved," he recognized with a quiver of pleasure, and mentally proceeded to sing it with the cantor. He looked up at Sophie again and again, and several times he caught her eyeing him.

The next few days Zalkin went about with the echo of a disquieting little adventure in his heart. Reb Avrom Leib's hymn rang in his brain. The melody had sparkling eyes, a healthy girlish face and a pre-occupied, "housewifely" smile. He seemed to hear every note of it, yet, try as he would, he could not recall it. His heart craved to hear it once more. Even when his attention was absorbed in business, the synagogue song seemed to dwell in him, filling his every limb and whispering to his heart as the soul of something living, femininely lovable, luring, unrelenting.

He had a feeling that unless he was introduced into the cantor's house his peace of mind would be sorely disturbed; and to make the proceeding the more old-fashioned and old-country-like, he sent a marriage agent to Reb Avrom Leib.

When Zalkin called to "view the bride," he was struck by the slight resemblance she bore to the image which he had formed of her at a distance. She was pretty, sure enough, "domestically" pretty—just what he was looking for—but she seemed quite another girl.

Sophie was disappointed.

"Not good-looking at all, and oh, what a figure!" she said to herself.

Her two little brothers, stubborn Joe and laughing Davy, who were ridiculously alike and ridiculously black, were saying their evening prayers under protest.

"These are my two black saints," said Reb Avrom Leib, with mock reverence. He was as ill at ease as the visitor, and he was at pains to talk himself out of his embarrassment. "They would be blacker still if they had not faded a bit, rioting around the streets, rain or shine, don't you know."

Joe frowned; Davy grinned.

"What's the use of it all?" resumed the cantor, seriously, with a wave of despair at the open prayer-book. "When their father is gone, they won't turn their tongue to a Hebrew word. They are American boys, don't you know, and I am a hen breeding duck's eggs. Only Sophie and I are all right." He aimed a caress at her which she dodged with a shame-faced smile. Zalkin felt a little flutter at his heart. "Besides," the cantor proceeded, "a girl need not be over-religious. 'A maiden who prays too much and a widow who is a busybody bring ruin upon the world,'" he quoted.

"Ah," Zalkin objected, bashfully, "but 'We may learn of a maiden to dread sin, and of a widow to pursue divine reward.'"

Reb Avrom gave a start.

"Why, you are quite a scholar!" he exclaimed, raising his hands.

The quotation of the rest of the passage was a hot race, each beamingly trying to outrun, outshout and outgesticulate the other, in true Talmudist fashion:

"Rabbi Yohanan heard of a maiden who fell on her face and said: 'Master of the Universe! Thou hast created the garden of Eden; Thou hast created hell; Thou hast created the righteous; Thou hast created the wicked: may it please Thee to save sons of men from stumbling in their righteousness over me.'"

Reb Avrom Leib fell in love with his daughter's suitor on the spot.

Sophie played her father's compositions, the old man sweeping the air with his great beard and snapping his fingers with might and main, by way of beating time, as he sang along.

Zalkin reveled in it all. Sophie played by ear. She had a knack at memorizing a light tune and picking it out on her piano, but her musical education was barely sufficient to enable her to represent the keys she touched by notes and "accidentals," without indicating either the time or the phrasing. Zalkin could see that her playing was a sorry performance, but he had never heard a Yiddish melody from a piano before; much less from one played by an old-fashioned maiden like his sisters and cousins at home; and the room was so redolent of "heaven-fearing" peace and affection, so full of the ancient Judaism and the family warmth to which he had been a stranger since a boy.

"O thou crown of my life!" his heart cried out to Sophie and his childhood at once. "It was God who brought me hither!"

The swing of Sophie's form and the droop of her head as she fingered the keyboard, and her old father, all gesticulation and radiance, by her side, parched his lips with a desire to kiss them both; and failing that he said:

"A golden tune! One's heart melts away!" Whereupon the cantor felt like kissing him.

"It is a sin to make fun of an old man," he said, shaking his plump finger at the visitor. "I am only an old-fashioned botcher. I pray to God as my father did. None of your written music! None except what she will scribble down to start her father on a forgotten tune once in a while. And, for that matter, what is the good of written music?" he appealed to Zalkin half in jest and half in earnest. "It's like those bills of fare they give you in the restaurants, while a tune which comes straight from one's head and heart without scrawling is like the dinner that comes from your own kitchen." Zalkin burst out laughing, and the cantor, in the seventh heaven, joined him. "Restaurant dinners are no good. Sophie's are much better. I can tell you that," he concluded with a merry wink; and pleading some work at his desk, he left the Uppermost to his business of "pairing pairs."

Sophie was a good girl, but she knew it and talked too much. She complained to Zalkin how helpless her father was and

how she had to take care of him and the whole house.

"If I didn't play for him he could not remember a bit," she said, with a resigned air. "He is good at thinking up tunes all right, but he is so quick to forget them."

She said it with a confidential heartiness of manner and voice, as though the visitor were an old friend of the family and she herself were much older than she was. Zalkin sat, vainly trying to study her face and to weigh her every word, but little by little his embarrassment wore off and he fell into the familiar, friendly tone which she took with him.

"Do you go to the opera? I do, quite often. I am very fond of music," he rattled on, without letting her answer his questions. "Last winter I——" But she interrupted him:

"Last winter papa was to the opera sixteen times, and I twelve."

"And yet he is such a pious Jew!" he laughed.

"He says it isn't much of a sin, after all; is it?"

"No, I don't think it is."

He was burning to say, "Will you marry me?" and got around to the question again and again; but each time he came face to face with it, he turned coward. Finally, when he least intended it, he said in a bashful undertone:

"Your father will be waiting for an answer."

"Oh, there is plenty of time to discuss that," she replied, in quite a businesslike way.

"You see, you shine so brightly, that I have no patience to wait," he said, coloring once more. It was the first compliment he had ever made a young woman.

"Thank you for the compliment," she returned, with the frankest coquetry.

"She is a crown and glory. She is a daisy," he said to himself, clinching the verdict in English.

"What a funny mouth he has," thought Sophie. "When he speaks he works his lips like a duck." As though to accentuate the suggestion, his legs were too short for his loosely built frame; but his pale, intellectual face had something meek and peculiarly attractive in it, and its appeal

was not lost upon her. "He looks good-natured, though," she added. "I'll get used to him. We'll live like a couple of doves."

He wanted to have the betrothal and even the wedding as soon as possible, but the Nine Days were near at hand and who would make merry while one was mourning the fall of the Temple? So the formal engagement was fixed for the night of the Sabbath of "Comfort Ye"—the great Sabbath of engagement parties and weddings in Israel.

Meanwhile Zalkin called every evening and took her out to amusements. She was forever bubbling over with the solemn consciousness of being on the eve of the greatest event in her life, but she was haunted by a dim impression that there was an annoying tang to her otherwise complete happiness. What that was, she never paused to ask herself.

* * * * *

"Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God," intoned Zalkin at the reading-desk of Reb Avrom Leib's synagogue. "Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem and cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned."

He had not chanted the Prophets for years, and as the old intonation came back to him his voice rang out with confidence and relish. Eyes wandered from him to the bride on the gallery. Some of the women around her were nodding admiringly. Reb Avrom Leib was struggling against an overflow of emotion by uttering loud sighs and slapping his snuff-box with two fingers. Sophie, overdressed and with Zalkin's huge diamond brooch flaming at her throat, made a feint of reading the English translation in her prayer-book. Her heart swelled with the warmth and joy with which Zalkin's recitation filled the synagogue, but she never thought of him. "So I am a bride and everybody is looking at me and my brooch," she said in her heart, as if all this had nothing to do with the man at the reading-desk.

In the evening Reb Avrom Leib's house was crowded. The articles of betrothal having been read, in a mixture of Chaldaic and Hebrew, bang went a plate

against the door, and by an uproar of felicitations Zalkin and Sophie were declared bridegroom and bride, to become man and wife a few weeks later, and their severance to be as unlikely as was the reunion of the broken plate.

Sophie shone. She hovered about the guests, smiling and jesting like a happy mother at the engagement party of her daughter rather than as the bride. Reb Avrom Leib's huge beard was all over the house. He bustled about everybody in general and Zalkin in particular. He made jokes at his expense, winked at him, dug in his ribs, and once even pinched his arm. Then, suddenly, he beckoned him into a small side-room, and locking the door, said, tremulously:

"I love you as if you were my own child; Aaron, for you have a Jewish heart and a Jewish head. But do you know what you are taking from me? Merely a daughter? No. It's a treasure. Pray hold her dear, Aaron. 'If ye take this also from me and mischief befall her, ye shall bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. . . . for behold! my soul is bound up in her soul.' " He fell upon Zalkin's shoulder and broke out weeping.

When the cantor and his daughter were left alone amid the debris of the feast, it was some time before they could speak. As Sophie looked at her father, a feeling of homesickness came over her. "Now he will be all alone," she said to herself in dismay. She seated herself by his side, and as she stroked his hand, so familiar to her touch, her eyes filled.

"What are you crying for, foolish girl that you are? You ought to thank God for such a bridegroom," he said, struggling with his own tears.

III.

YOM KIPPUR EVE.

As long as Zalkin, like the "bashful Talmud student" that he was, held himself at a respectful distance, Sophie took his presence and his love-lorn eyes as part and parcel of the great change which was coming over her. When, with throbbing heart, he finally ventured to take her by the hand, however, her whole being revolted. She was angry with herself. The

feeling seemed like something unholy breaking in upon the sanctity of her present state of mind, and she told herself that it was all imagination, but she knew that it was not.

* * * * *

It was the eve of the Day of Atonement. The Bird of Redemption had been swung three times around one's head and slain as a ransom for one's life; the graveyard had been visited. Sundown was drawing near. The family, including Zalkin, who had been invited by his future father-in-law for the autumn festivals, were at the supper-table. It was the supper which makes one ready for Kol Nidre, the song of awe, and for the twenty-four hours of praying and fasting which it initiates.

The redemption birds were eaten in grave silence. Everybody's heart throbbed with an anticipation of the tears to come. At last grace was begun. Reb Avrom Leib needed his voice for the great service at the synagogue, but it would not be kept down, and coming from the bottom of his heart, it filled the room with the accumulated grief of the past year. Joe eyed the table-cloth. Davy watched his father with a piteous look.

As Reb Avrom Leib rose, Sophie approached him with bent head. He laid his hands on her, and after the traditional Hebrew benediction, he said sadly, in Yiddish:

"A happy new year to you, my child—to you and your predestined one. May you be inscribed in the Book of Life. Maybe I have sinned against you, by deed or in thought—forgive me, my daughter. 'The Day of Atonement will atone for sins against God, but not those between man and his fellow,' " he quoted.

When they had exchanged pardons, Zalkin stepped up to the old man and bowing his head, said, with emotion:

"Bless me, too, Reb Avrom Leib."

"Of course, my son," answered the cantor, as he rested his hands on him. "What is the difference between you and Sophie? Both of you are my children. God grant that you live out your days in happiness together. Maybe I have sinned against you by deed or in thought—forgive me "

When the two boys came up to be

blessed, he wished them to be God-fearing Jews.

"My poor little doves! It was not ordained that your mother should bring you up," he added, brokenly.

Sophie buried her face in her arm and burst out sobbing. Zalkin felt a tremor run through his heart. "My flesh will I cut to make her happy," he said to himself. There were tears in his eyes, and even Joe began to cry. Reb Avrom Leib was stroking his beard nervously.

Suddenly Sophie leaped to her feet, her face red and wet with weeping, and beckoned her lover into the parlor.

"Forgive me, Aaron dear," she said, vehemently. "I love you as I do the eyes in my head, as true as I wish to be inscribed for a happy year. Only a day or two I had thoughts against you. It has all passed off. I love you with all my heart now."

His heart turned to ice.

"What was it?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing to tell about, nothing at all." But she blurted it all out:

"I thought I didn't care for you. Once I was so cranky that I cursed you in my mind—so hateful I thought you were to me: but I was mistaken. I'm sure I was. Forgive me."

"There is nothing to forgive," he answered, sullenly.

They went to the synagogue in grim silence.

At sundown the house of worship was white with shrouds and aglitter with silver-laced praying-shawls and skull-caps. The doors of the holy ark were open. The silk vestments of the scrolls within loomed many-colored. The worshipers stood in their stocking-feet. The wax candles in front of them burned mournfully. The women above were nodding over their Books of Tears.

The laments of the evening came from the caves and forests of Spain where the sons of Israel sang them under breath, at the peril of the stake. Some gave up their lives rather than their faith. Others escaped death by making promises and vows of which they prayed God to be absolved.

The sexton slapped for order. The women raised their heads from their books

and looked down upon the omud where the cantor, robed in a white shroud, striped praying-shawl and white skull-cap, stood in the center of his choir. There was a stir. The sexton slapped again. Silence fell, and then—softly, cautiously, as though looking around to see if some spy of the Inquisition was not hidden in bushes near by, Reb Avrom Leib began in Chaldaic: "All vows and self-prohibitions, vows of abstinence and promise——"

The text of the prayer is out of touch with modern conditions, but its strains retain the frightened whisper of hiding worshipers. Reb Avrom Leib's congregation scarcely thought of Spain and the Inquisition, but each worshiper was conscious of his own "pack of sorrow" and that he stood before God on the fast-day of Atonement when it is "sealed and determined who shall live and who shall die, who shall reap enjoyment and who shall be afflicted." "All vows and self-prohibitions, vows of abstinence and promise!"

Zalkin was oblivious of his surroundings, but the terrible song passed through his soul like an accompaniment to his misery. "I'm so hateful to her that she cursed me. She cannot stand me." The unuttered words were crawling over his brain.

Sophie, prayer-book in hand, was trying to catch his eye. Her father's song, the multitude of death-shrouds and gigantic candles, spoke of her cruelty. She pitied Zalkin and she pitied herself. She was aiming an affectionate gaze at him, but he never looked up. His heart lay heavy within him and he could not lift his eyes to the gallery.

The next day Zalkin wrote Sophie a long letter, full of open resentment and ill-disguised misery, declaring their engagement off.

IV.

THE REJOICING OF THE LAW.

Gloom settled in Reb Avrom's house. Sophie felt relieved on her own account, but her father's speechless anguish gave her no rest. Now that it was all over and she had returned to Zalkin his engagement gift, she was sincerely congratulating herself upon her deliverance from the match; but the old cantor had become attached to the manufacturer, and the disappearance

of his blazing brooch from under Sophie's chin brought darkness into his soul.

Zalkin went about with a lump in his throat. He kept away from the synagogue during the Feast of Tabernacles, but his burden grew on him till he often caught himself crying like a baby. "I cannot, I cannot live without her," he lamented in his heart. For hours together he paced his room like a prisoner in his cell. The little box containing the brooch he never parted with, and once he even touched the sparkling stones with his lips. At last he gave up the struggle. It was the evening of the Rejoicing of the Law, when the rule prohibiting the mingling of the sexes in a house of worship is winked at by the rabbis, and Zalkin went to Reb Avrom Leib's synagogue.

He found it overcrowded. The curtain of red and gold was drawn aside; the holy ark was deserted; the scrolls of the Law were out on their yearly pageant.

"O thou God of spirits!" sang Reb Avrom Leib, as, attired in his praying-shawl and velvet cap and bearing a sofar Torah (scrolls of the Law) in his arms, he led the procession round and round the reading-platform.

"Save us!" responded the choir from the platform.

The refrain was an adagio of joyous solemnity. Following the Master of Prayers were some thirty venerable men, each with a gaily robed Torah in his arms: red Torahs, blue Torahs, white Torahs; Torahs with crowns and Torahs without crowns; some in humble silence, with their vestments unadorned; others with jingling, glittering shields of silver suspended from their "trees of life."

"O Thou, who knowest all of our thoughts——"

"Save us!"

After the scroll-bearers came a number of boys, some striding along by themselves, others carried in their fathers' arms. Each boy held a paper flag with texts and pictures and with a red apple holding a lighted candle impaled upon its staff. Young daughters of Israel standing on the benches bent over and kissed the scrolls as they filed by, or merely touched them and then kissed their own sanctified fingers. Sophie was among them, and Zalkin pushed his

way to a point within earshot from which he could see without being seen.

"Oh, father, stop! I haven't kissed your Purity," she said in mock despair, as she leaned forward and reached out for his scrolls.

"O thou eternal King!" he sang, giving her a deprecating smile over his shoulder, and passed on. His grief was drowned in the all-pervading glee of the feast. Besides, a score or two of the worshipers were humming his refrain with the choir.

Sophie forced the next man to stop till she and the girls near her had kissed his Torah.

"That's right, my daughter!" shouted an old woman from the gallery. "Don't miss a single Purity, or the Uppermost won't send you your predestined one during the coming year."

Zalkin colored. Sophie exchanged a glance with two of the girls by her side and then the three burst into a laugh in which some of the bystanders joined. She was the queen of the crowd around her. Young fellows were trying to attract her attention; some of the older people were eying her fondly. She wore a dress of blue silk dotted with red fleurs-de-lis which well became the radiance of her flushed face. She exhaled health and joy, and each time the cantor marched by, a look of delight in one another passed between father and daughter.

Zalkin could not take his eyes off her. His heart writhed with agony. "It will kill me, it will kill me!" he whispered to himself.

"O Thou who art holy!" sounded Reb Avrom Leib's voice in the distance.

When the scrolls had been restored to the ark, the congregation burst into a deafening welcome to the Law; for the two Torahs which had been left without were now on their way to the platform to be read.

"And this," began the master reader, bending over the unrolled parchment, "is the blessing wherewith Moses, the Man of God, blessed the children of Israel before his death." He could scarcely be heard for the merry tumult around the platform, but the rabbi, the cantor and a few other pious men followed the reading in their Pentateuchs.

Most of the girls had gone home. Sophie lingered. She had caught sight of her former suitor. She convinced herself once more that he did not interest her, and yet she felt held to the spot.

The reading over, Reb Avrom Leib, who was known as "the biggest Rejoicing of the Law romp" in the congregation, intertwined his arm with the arms of several other men and the group launched out into a hop.

"Make merry and rejoice on the Rejoicing of the Law!" they shouted.

"Out with our new hop!" the cantor commanded his choir. "Hi-da-da! Hi-da-da!"

"What makes you so jolly, Reb Avrom Leib? Brandy has not come within four ells of you," somebody jested.

"No matter," the cantor answered, gasping for breath, as he stopped spinning. "I like strong wine and old, but the Law is the strongest and the oldest wine there is. Even Vanderbilt could not afford it, could he? Here is health!" he said, tossing off an imaginary goblet, and was off again. To be drunk on the Rejoicing of the Law is a good deed. The next best deed is to imagine oneself befuddled, and Reb Avrom Leib's was quite a lively imagination. "Hi-da-da! Hi-da-da! Why, Zalkin, Aaron!" he shouted, suddenly tearing himself loose from the others. "My heart has told me all along you'd turn up. Come, let us hop!" With which he took him in his arms and carried him to the dancers.

Then he took him up to his daughter.

"This is the Rejoicing of the Law, children," he said, puffing for breath. "Come, make peace and let us have a merry holiday."

Sophie was about to shake her head, but her father was so exuberantly happy that she had not the heart to do it, and smiled instead.

"Let her take it back," said Zalkin, handing Reb Avrom Leib the brooch.

"Here, stick it right into your dress, I say!" the old man shouted.

She obeyed, gravely.

The cantor went back to the hoppers.

"My rabbis! I have got my daughter's suitor back!" he yelled. "When does a beggar rejoice? When he is restored to

his loss! Make merry and rejoice on the Rejoicing of the Law. To-morrow after the service you must all come to my house. Sophie, do you hear? The whole lot of them!"

About half an hour later, the raw October air outside was filled with merry voices. Reb Avrom Leib and several other members of his synagogue went home singing.

"A merry holiday to you!" he greeted every elderly passer-by boisterously. "Hi-da-da! Hi-da-da!"

"You'll catch cold, papa!" Sophie called to him. "You have been perspiring and it is so chilly."

She offered to turn up his collar, but he pushed her from him.

"What does a girl know about the Law! You only know of suitors. A merry holiday-ay-ay!"

V.

BLESSING THE DEDICATION LIGHTS.

Reb Avrom Leib did catch cold. He went to bed shivering with fever and the next morning he woke with a severe headache and a burning pain in his side. Toward evening he felt better, however, and the following day he was able to attend to business.

A few weeks later he caught another slight cold, after which he frequently complained of headaches, fatigue, and pains in his side. Still, he had a big sign hung up on the outside wall of his synagogue announcing that he would bless the Dedication Lights with a large choir and a band.

Zalkin's suit did not thrive. He was forever nagging Sophie for her indifference to him and bewailing his fate as a lover.

"You need not let me kiss you if it is repulsive to you," he often said, with some venom. She would drop her arms in despair at such moments, and once, losing all patience, she flamed out:

"Then why do you do it?"

The engagement was broken off once more.

On the "first candle" of the feast commemorating the miracle which attended the recovery and reconsecration of the Temple by the Maccabees, Zalkin went to Reb Avrom Leib's synagogue, in the hope of being reconciled to Sophie. "She will

yield again," he thought, "and then we must be married at once. I'll cherish her like the apple of my eye. It's all a foolish fancy in her, and once she is my wife it will wear off and she will get to love me. They are all like that." He felt a joyous tug at his heart.

The cantor was at first embarrassed, and when his diffidence had passed off he conducted the band and the choir in a spasm of excitement. He stamped his feet, smote his beard, pinched the air, bored it with his index-finger and dispersed imaginary clouds of smoke before him.

His tune met with decided success. Some of the worshipers attested their admiration by saying, "May your strength be upheld," in formal Hebrew; others merely wagged their heads and smacked their lips; still others kept groaning: "Ai! ai! ai!" One man declared that the cantor had "blessed the lights so well that the end of the world had come." Reb Avrom Leib was so overcome that he had not the strength to simulate modesty, and sitting down, ghastly pale with exertion, he simpered grateful assent.

Zalkin had been hiding from Sophie under the gallery. When the crowd around the cantor had thinned out, he went up to him and said, tremulously:

"I have heard the best operas, but such a tune I have never heard."

It was the warmest and heartiest compliment of all.

Tears came to the old man's eyes,

"My heart has been aching after you, Aaron," he said.

At this moment Sophie, in a ferment of enthusiasm, bent over the rail as far as she could and cried out:

"It was so good, papa, that you don't know yourself how good it was. Don't you dare leave before you have rested; and don't forget your muffler." As she recognized Zalkin, she checked herself, and resumed her seat with a clouded face.

When they met in front of the synagogue, she said, with agitation:

"Take pity on me. You know nothing will come of it all. You had better look for your predestined one."

When she was left alone with her father, the old man gave her a look full of reproach and yearning, but said nothing.

For some minutes they walked in silence.

Then Sophie said, testily:

"What makes you so low-spirited? I know, I know—you won't rest until I have married him. You are my murderer, papa."

"Who says I have been thinking of Zalkin?"

"But you have. He is never on your mind."

"And what if he isn't?" Reb Avrom Leib confessed, helplessly. "Is it my fault that he has grown into my heart and that I want to see you happily married? Do I want him for myself?"

"You are my murderer, papa!" she gasped.

VI.

REB AVROM LEIB'S LAST COMPOSITION.

Reb Avrom Leib sat up in his folding bed, in the parlor, leaning against his two big pillows as he gazed at the locust-tree rustling in front of the open window. It was a mild afternoon in July. Rose-colored sunlight threw his yellow, emaciated face into ghastly relief. His enormous beard seemed a mass of discolored cotton. He had taken to his bed shortly after Passover, and he had been slowly wasting ever since. The doctors had diagnosed the case as a species of kidney disease. Sophie knew that her father was doomed, and every time the situation dawned upon her she would grow faint with terror.

Presently Reb Avrom Leib's lips began to move and his head to nod, as if keeping time to a song. A smile spread over his deathly face. He reached out for his medicine spoon and rapped several times at the chair by his bedside.

"What is it, father dear, what is it?" asked Sophie, running in and bending over him.

"I have hit upon an excellent 'be-Rosh Hoshanah,'" he said, in a feeble voice, pointing at the piano hard by.

"Sing it; only very softly," she replied, with a deprecating, tender look.

It was a plaintive melody for the most solemn part of the service on the three Days of Awe. His voice was pitifully weak, but his notes were clear, and in the stillness of the sickroom, when Sophie paused to listen, they sounded with tragic distinct-

ness. Only once or twice the note in his mind was beyond his strength, whereupon he would shut his eyes and, screwing up his face, raise his finger, as though to indicate the height to which his voice would have ascended if it could. Sophie read the note in the expression of his countenance.

"Is that right?" she asked over her shoulder, striking a key.

"Yes, yes, my daughter," he answered, with a grateful gleam in his eye.

When she had mastered the tune and he sang it to her accompaniment, his peaked face was now contorted to express the tearful supplication of a penitent spirit praying for mercy, now all but melting in an ecstasy of anguish.

"Who shall pass by and who shall be born, who shall live and who shall die," he sang, in Hebrew.

He thrust out his lips like a child about to cry and let his head fall on his breast.

"Why should I die?" he seemed to say.

"What have I done to be excluded from the Book of Life?" After a pause he said, dimly:

"If I could see you married happily, it would be easier for me to die."

"Have mercy, papa!" she implored him, with a gesture of despair. "Your words saw my heart. You know you'll get well. Do you want me to beg Zalkin to come and marry me? If he wanted me, he would not have kept away so long. Why should you torment yourself, papa darling? You are so weak."

Reb Avrom Leib sighed. At the bottom of his heart he never believed he was going to die, but his daughter's indifference to Zalkin grieved him.

A few days later, he was so weak that he could not even hum his "be-Rosh Hoshanah." He had Sophie play it for him again and again. As he listened, his bloodless face beamed.

"The best thing I have ever composed," he said, faintly. "When I sing it with the choir, please God, it will make a hit."

The next morning he lay on his side breathing heavily, as he eyed the floor with a look of weary indifference.

To please him, Sophie struck up his new "be-Rosh Hoshanah." There were suppressed tears in her soul and these she

seemed to put into her every tone. She had never played the tune with so much feeling. When she had finished and faced about, she found her father gazing at the floor, more indifferent than ever.

"Did you like it, father?"

"Oh, I don't care," he said, with a feeble groan, as he let his head slide to the other side.

VII.

DAYS OF AWE.

The frowzy, crowded street through which Sophie dragged herself, a roll of music-paper in her hand, was mournfully lighted by a flickering jumble of peddlers' torches and gas-lamps. The light which showed her pale, sorrow-worn face, seemed part of the squalor of the place. Suddenly voices of a synagogue choir burst upon her ear. Her heart stood still. "Rehearsing for the Days of Awe," she said to herself, pausing in front of a tenement-house.

The fire-escapes of the towering block were heaped and overhung with odds and ends of household effects which in the gloom of the upper stories loomed like a medley of moss, lichen and cobweb on a deserted castle. It was from behind a pile of this kind of junk that the voices rang out into the tumult of the market-place. The choristers shrieked and moaned and whispered with gusto. Now accompanying them and now checking their rapturous vociferation was the guiding old tenor of the cantor. It was Reb Avrom Leib's successor.

When Sophie reached his apartments and knocked at the door, the choir stopped short. The cantor, a gaunt man with a dirty white necktie, received her politely.

"Father—peace upon him—has left some tunes. He composed them on his death-bed," she said, flushing.

A gleam of irony came into the cantor's eyes. After a glance at some of her music, he said, with an amused laugh:

"No, my daughter, that's not the way music should be written. Besides, I have my own tunes."

"But I can play it all, and they are the best tunes my father ever got up," she said, with a tone which implied Reb Avrom Leib's superiority over his successor. The cantor, who had his full share

of the vanity for which his profession is noted, reddened to his skull-cap.

"I have heard his tunes," he retorted, with a sneer.

Sophie came out of the big tenement-house with her heart in her mouth. "Poor dear papa!" she thought. "Now that you are in your grave every nobody will raise his head."

She had not gone many paces when another choir gave her a pang, and then there was a third, and a fourth and a fifth. The Ghetto was priming itself for the great season of song and prayer. Sophie felt like the daughter of a forgotten general while the forces of her country are mustered and paraded on the eve of war.

She offered her father's compositions to several other cantors, but they would not even unroll her music. Her anguish seemed to be growing on her heart like a physical load. So cruel, so terrible, was its weight that she wondered how she could suffer it all and live. "Nobody will even so much as speak of him, nobody, nobody!" she would moan. "He is gone—gone and forgotten, as if there had never been a Reb Avrom Leib. And you?" she would turn upon herself. "Are you better? Didn't you make his last months dark enough for him? Now that you have lost him, your father, you miss him. Why didn't you hold him dear when you had him?" She felt like moving heaven and earth to bring her father to life again that she might show him her readiness to marry Zalkin and to do anything, anything to please him. But he was gone, gone forever. She thought of Zalkin. He was the only man that admired her father and his songs sincerely. She would see him, speak to him of her father, of his songs, of his good heart. But what was the use? Her father was dead, never to be her father again, never, never, never.

The tears of New Year did her good. To please her father in his grave she would sit for hours and hours over her Hebrew or Yiddish prayer-books. She was in a transport of sorrow and piety. Her religion bade her stand forth before God with a resigned spirit, and she did. Even the new cantor she accepted without criticism.

On Yom Kippur Eve she took supper with her two little brothers, as usual. Her

father's chair, where a year ago he had chanted grace in disconsolate accents, was empty. Sophie served the meal on tiptoe, and ate it in silence. It was getting late. As she looked out of the window she saw people with shrouds and prayer-books under their arms stop, on their way to the great Kol Nidre service, to ask one another's forgiveness. Joe was morose. Davy threw a look at his father's empty seat and burst out crying. Sophie gnashed her teeth.

"What are you crying for?" she said, in a rage. "Hush, I say, hush!" But the next minute her own pent-up sobs broke loose. "There is nobody to bless us this year, children!" she moaned. "We have no father. He is over there, under a mound, is our father!" And in her frenzy of grief she flung herself down on the lounge, tore at her hair and shrieked.

VIII.

REJOICING OF THE LAW ONCE MORE.

"O Thou who art pure and just!" sang the new cantor.

"Save us!" responded his choir.

"O Thou who compassionest the poor!"

"Send us happiness!"

The synagogue was again crowded; again the Torahs were out on their procession around the platform; again girls stood on the benches jesting, giggling and throwing glances at each other and at the young men, as they kissed the passing scrolls. Only one of these touched the "Purities" with unsmiling devotion. The others were making jokes to her, but she never unbent.

"Rejoice and make merry on the Rejoicing of the Law!" shouted the worshipers.

Tears started to Sophie's eyes.

"What, crying on the Rejoicing of the Law! It's a sin, Sophie!" said an old man, kindly.

Then she heard somebody else call her by her first name. It was Zalkin. He of all men appreciated her father and his tunes, and how dear he had been to Reb Avrom Leib! Her lover seemed to her like an angel sent from heaven to share her grief and her ecstasy over her father's memory.

"Sophie, I have heard of your misfortune. I cannot live without you," he whispered.

"Do you remember last year's Rejoicing of the Law?" she said, brightening up. "How he did romp! Over there, near the platform—do you remember?"

"Do I! He was like a father to me. When I heard of his death, I cried like a boy."

"I'll marry him, I'll marry him," she thought to herself, with a rush of tearful happiness at her heart. Then she said audibly: "Did you? You alone knew what a gold he was. Do you remember how he sang the hop? Now people would not even admit that he could get up a fine tune."

"I hum his tunes often, Sophie. I sigh over them, Sophie. They are the sweetest

I ever heard," he said, with a shaking voice.

Sophie was sure she loved him. "Oh, how happy father would be if he could see us together now," she thought.

When they were out in the street he asked her, beseechingly:

"Will you marry me?"

"Yes, yes," she answered, impetuously. The street was dark. From the Synagogue came the hum of muffled merriment. It sounded like a wail. "Yes, yes," she repeated in a whisper. And as if afraid lest morning might bring better counsel, she hastened to bind herself by adding, with a tremor in her voice: "I swear by my father that I will."



THE TASK.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

SAID Duty sternly: "Take thy pen and write
Life-throbbing lines, words weighed with import high!
Enough of sonneting on Sylvia's eye!
Enough of singing of her rose and white!"
I sit me down, when lo, upon my sight
(My inner sight, since there is no one nigh!)
A vision flashes; thoughts of Duty fly
Like southering birds adown an autumn night.

O mentor stern, no task that thou canst set,
I care not whatsoe'er thou bidst it be,
Will far remove me from some dream of her!
Look, I am wearing Love for amulet!
And hence thou mayst as soon part land and sea
As thoughts of Love from Love's true worshiper!



A NATIVE SHOP, MANILA.

A SOLDIER'S WIFE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

BY EDA BLANKART FUNSTON.

NEVER shall I forget my first glimpse of Manila. General Miller and staff, the First Battalion of Twentieth Kansas Infantry, a detachment of California Heavy Artillery and fourteen ladies had arrived in Manila Bay on the "Newport" on the evening of December 5, 1898. All but two of the ladies had come to meet their husbands. Three of us were brides who had been speculating deeply as to which one would see her husband first. Need I tell how happy I was, and how victorious, when my husband proved to be the first one on board? After having paid his respects to General Miller, my husband declared himself ready to move, and we went at once by rowboat to the "Indiana." In consequence of lack of quarters, the two battalions of the Twentieth Kansas which had come on the "Indiana" had been obliged to stay on board ship. Naturally the officers had to remain. In addition, my husband had been unable to secure a house, for good houses had become scarce by that time.

Thus it was that I got the first glimpse of Manila early on the morning after my arrival in the bay. The bright tin and tile roofs, so almost entirely prevalent in Manila, surmounted now and then by a church dome or tower, reflected the rays of the sun, which even at that early hour blazed unmercifully. The bright, rich green of the trees and foliage seemed in remarkable contrast with this baking heat, for the sun was apparently hot enough to dry up the very waters of the bay. In spite of the heat, I was most anxious to get a closer view of this remarkable city, of which we had all heard and read so much within the last six or seven months; so when the next launch came alongside, Major and Mrs. Whitman, my husband and I, boarded it and were soon approaching the Pasig.

Our little launch puffed its way up the river among the most varied and remarkable craft, from cascoes, fifty to seventy-five feet long, to little canopy-topped dugouts, six to eight feet long. These boats and

both banks of the river seemed literally alive with men, women and children in all stages of dress and undress. After pursuing our way about a quarter of a mile up the river, we arrived at the landing. I was surprised to see the fine stone quay and splendidly paved street, and was intensely interested in and amused at the remarkable kinds of vehicles. Large, small, open and closed, one-seated, more-seated, and from brand-new down to the most dilapidated imaginable. But the horses attached to these remarkable equipages were more remarkable still—little larger than dogs, and so thin and sore that I hated the idea of riding behind them. Perhaps you have seen pictures of the typical Manila equipages. In case you have not, let me attempt to describe the one in which we drove that day. It was square, much like a gurney cab, but very light. It was higher than a gurney, was open and had but two wheels. Such a time as we had getting seated for our trip to town! We drove through a number of narrow, dirty streets, over a bridge, and through another street, before we reached the Escolta—a narrow street with a single car-track down the middle and just space enough on each side for a carriage. The sidewalks in some places were wide enough for two persons to walk side by side very comfortably, and in others barely wide enough for one. Some of the buildings, though not master-

pieces of architecture, were by no means bad, and, as we soon discovered, there were at least a dozen stores in the place, where after talking for an hour you could manage to get many desired articles.

We hunted up a house-agent, an enterprising American, and late arrival, and after an hour's driving discovered a very good house. It was situated in the district called Ermita. From a corner window we looked over the Lunetta toward the bay, the most beautiful view imaginable. We were altogether delighted with our discovery and good fortune, in spite of the fact that we should be obliged to wait at least a week before we could occupy the house. We returned to the ship that evening more than pleased with our day's doings, and counting the hours until we could take possession of our home, for the Whitmans and Funstons were to occupy the house together. The next three days were spent aboard ship. Shall I ever forget those days? I cannot imagine anything warmer, and we suffered accordingly. By Sunday, Major Whitman and my husband devised a scheme by which we could go ashore, even though our house was not ready for us. Regimental headquarters were in the Second Battalion barracks, where my husband had an office. This was quite a large room, and here we put up two cot-beds, which Mrs. Whitman and I occupied, while our husbands bunked with



CARRYING THE WOUNDED TO THE HOSPITAL.

two of the officers. The three days we spent there were dreary enough. Major Whitman and Colonel Funston were extremely busy and left their wives to take care of themselves. We did not go out on the streets alone (though at that time it was safe to do so), and we thought, as we really had no right in the building, it would be wrong toward the men, embarrassing to say the least, to have us about, so we stayed in our room—prisoners. But we could look out of the windows, the view from which almost repaid us for our imprisonment. The barracks were on Calle Analogue and in the Binondo District, one of the worst—thickly populated with Chinese. Calle Analogue was a very busy street, so that from morning until night it was most interesting to watch the numberless passers-by. The men of the better classes appeared with their spotless white suits and patent-leather boots, and those of the lower classes with trousers of "any old kind" rolled up to the knees or above, and an ordinary undershirt which was always worn outside the trousers. The women were there with their odd and rather picturesque costume, consisting of a bright-colored skirt which just escaped the ground in front and in the back was made "en train" in the oddest imaginable shape about a yard or more in length. The train very much resembles the bowl of a spoon in shape, though of course it is flat. Over the skirt is worn a garment which looks like an apron. This for ordinary use is almost always made of a black material closely resembling our cashmere. For dress occasions, the tapis, as it is called, is made of a fine lacy material called husi, and richly embroidered about the edges. The waist, of piña, is always loose and low-necked, showing the shoulders, and the large loose sleeves, very like those of a



INTERIOR OF LA LOMA CHURCH, CONVERTED INTO AN EMERGENCY HOSPITAL.
(General MacArthur's headquarters at left and rear of altar.)

Japanese kimono except that they are gathered in at the armholes, are very much starched and stand out, leaving the arm bare. The ordinary children sometimes wear clothes and sometimes nature is entirely unadorned. When they do dress, their clothes are exactly like those of the grown-up people, the effect being most picturesque.

Finally, after three days of this imprisonment, we moved to our home on Calle San Luis, and now the fun of furnishing began. I shall never forget our first experience in shopping. We started out quite early in a hired victoria (worth twenty cents an hour)—not without a little trepidation, it must be confessed, for furniture-shops were conducted by Chinese, and the



AN INSURGENT INTRENCHMENT.

streets in which they were situated were anything but inviting, being hot, dirty and full of odors. Our desire was to keep as far away from the crowd as possible, but at that time there were so few American women in Manila that we were quite a curiosity. When we entered one of the tiny shops almost on the street, we were followed by fifteen or twenty wretched specimens of humanity and stared at until it became distressing. Our purchases were all made as soon as possible, and when finally we got away and out into the more open part of the city we marveled that we had escaped without trouble, for some of the men had been most surly. A few days after this, word came from headquarters that the officers were too far away from the regiment and must move into town. It was fully a week before a suitable house could be found in the required locality, and in the mean time the men of the household were obliged to sleep at the barracks, coming home only to luncheon and dinner. This arrangement, however, did not last very long, for we soon found a house quite close to the barracks—three blocks below and on the same street. The house being altogether too large for the four of us, we asked Major Metcalf, Mr. Walker, the adjutant, and Mr. Hull, the quartermaster, to occupy it with us, which they were only

too glad to do, and we made a very merry, happy family.

This was in the latter part of December, 1898, and from the time that we got fairly settled in our new quarters until the outbreak on the night of February 4th, our experience was a very pleasant and agreeable one. Though the insurgents had forgotten to smile upon us and were getting more surly and sullen in their demeanor toward us every day, we continued to have the best of good times. The navy did all in its power to make things agreeable for us, and hardly a week passed without some pleasant entertainment being prepared on one or another of the war-ships.

Driving was our chief recreation. Many a pleasant trip we had behind our dear little white ponies; in fact, I don't know how we could have done without them. The heat between the hours of nine in the morning and four in the afternoon is so intense that one cannot do anything but lounge in the most negligée of garments, but by five it grows cooler, and then the whole city turns out on the Lunetta. The Lunetta, by the way, is a large plaza, elliptical in shape, about six hundred feet in length and situated in the western part of Manila on the bay, just outside the walled city. In the middle of this pleasant expanse is the band-stand, and around it a broad driveway which on the side nearest

the bay extends along the beach to the Pasig. Every evening one or another of the regimental bands gave a concert here, which began at six and lasted an hour, and here every evening were to be seen the elite of Manila city, taking their daily airing. We Americans soon fell into their ways, for not only did we find it necessary to benefit by the fresh ocean breezes but we were attracted by the superb sunsets which were an every-day occurrence. Thus the time was most delightfully spent, in spite of heat and discomforts, until that historic night of the 4th of February.

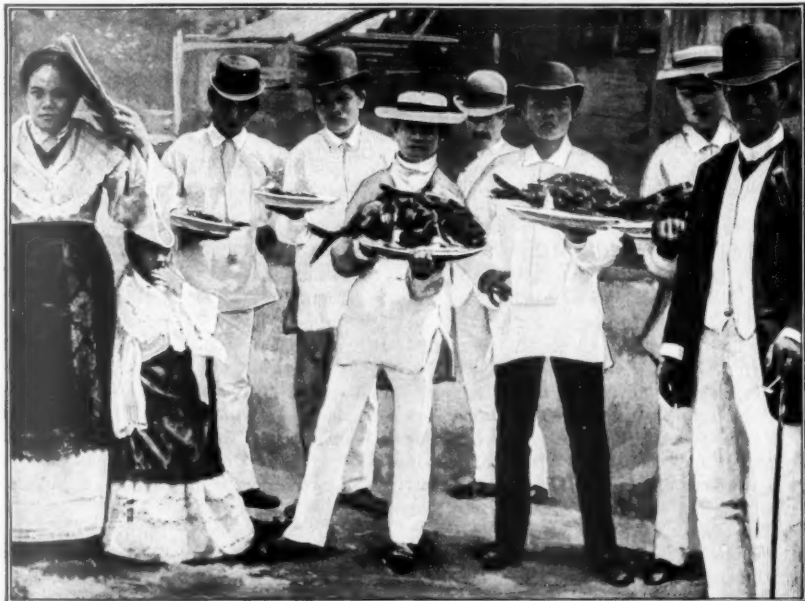
After a pleasant evening spent quietly in reading, my husband and I had just retired, when we were startled by a banging at the door. At the same time we heard the boom of cannon, and Major Metcalf shouted through the door, "Colonel, Colonel, the ball has begun!" Both my husband and I were on our feet in an instant, and in a few moments he was gone.

Then gathering up the few valuables I had brought with me, I packed them with my toilet articles in a "telescope" which for some weeks past I had kept prepared—for we had been expecting an outbreak.

By this time the soldiers who had been sent to take us to the barracks had arrived, and after having given our two Chinamen all necessary instructions we left the house. The night was quiet save for the distant crackling of rifles and the heavy boom of the "Monadnock's" big guns. Half-way to the barracks we were met by the Second Battalion on its way to the front. With what mingled feelings of hope and fear we watched them as quickly they marched past us! Arrived at the barracks, we were shown into a little room belonging to three noncommissioned officers. Here we were told to make ourselves comfortable.

Of course, sleep for us was out of the question. The hours dragged on with only now and then an interruption by some noisy little cochero forced to give up his carromato, or an unusually loud report of the navy's guns. The next morning matters were a little more interesting. Men began to come in from the line with such long and interesting tales to tell! With what eagerness we drank in the news as each man came in during the day. By this time we had been joined by the other

Student's Christian Association
Not to be taken from the room.



STREET PROCESSION ON A FEAST-DAY, MANILA.

Kansas ladies, making our party five in all, and this made our room more crowded than ever, for we were naturally obliged to bring in more beds. This did not last long, for two of the ladies soon left us. In spite of our anxiety, we managed to make things a little lively. Mrs. Haussermann had her piano put into what we used as a parlor and sitting-room. I had my violin, and together we managed to while away many a weary hour.

On the morning of the 7th, an orderly came in from the lines. I rushed to meet him, anxious for news, and received a note from my husband asking me to come to see him that day.

By the time the orderly had attended to

arrived at the camp, where the officers were most kind and did everything to make me comfortable until my husband's return, which they assured me would be soon. Just then we heard a shot, and then another, and soon the bullets were falling about us. In the shortest time imaginable I was hurried off behind a large embankment, and there I stayed, with my pistol clasped tightly in my hand and feeling like a fool. The shooting lasted but a few minutes, and soon my husband put in an appearance. Then we learned that it was at him and his party that the insurgents had been firing. Almost the first thing he did after greetings had been exchanged, was to beg of me to put my



AT THE BATHING-PLACE, MANILA.

his numerous errands, I was ready for the start. A little *quelis* awaited me in the court. One soldier acted as *cochero*, another rode on horseback in front of us; while another rode in back. Each carried his rifle. Just as we were starting, one of the ladies gave me a small pistol.

Our trip was a most interesting one, for we passed the ground which our regiment and the artillery had so bravely fought over. Ever and anon my escort would point out a particular place where the fighting had been hottest, or where the limbs of trees had been literally torn off by the cannon of the Utah Artillery. On either side of the road were houses fairly riddled with bullets. At length we

pistol away. Having safely deposited it in a *carromato* near at hand, we started off toward brigade headquarters, where after a few minutes' walk I was introduced to Brigadier-General Otis and his staff. After a few minutes' chat, we retraced our steps and called on the officers of the Third Artillery, among whom I had several friends. From this camp, which was situated on a slight eminence, we had an excellent view of the enemy, of course with the aid of field-glasses. I now thought it about time for me to return to the barracks, and immediately upon reaching our camp set off. I afterward learned that I had not been gone more than half an hour when one of the fiercest battles was fought.



PRIMITIVE PHILIPPINE LOOMS.

The days from now on were quite monotonous for the ladies—for we did not dare to go out and the heat was so intense that everything like work was painfully difficult. Occasionally we would hear that there was to be an uprising in the city, and though we hardly believed that it would ever take place, we were a little on the lookout for it. When it finally did come, we were least expecting it. It was on the night of February 22d, Washington's Birthday, while Mrs. Haussermann and I were entertaining Mrs. Whitman and the officers of a company of the Oregon regiment, who were stationed at our barracks, with a little music. We had reached the middle of Ries' pretty little "Schlummerlied," when we heard cries of fire. Running to the window, we saw the sky illuminated by an immense fire, the flames of which could plainly be seen. At the same moment shots were heard, and I shall never tell how quickly our guests disappeared. Almost before we could realize it, the company was formed and went marching down the street. This was indeed an interesting night. Before very

long the fire was raging on every side not more than three or four blocks from us, and just three blocks below the Mausers and Springfields crackled at a lively rate. As on the night of the 4th, we were again prepared to fly at a moment's notice, our little grips being packed. We were curious and anxious to see what was going on in the street, insisting upon poking our heads out of the window in spite of the warning of the officers in charge, until two or three bullets whizzed up the street a little too close for comfort and then we were satisfied to listen only.

There is a fire department in Manila, wholly volunteer however, and I believe conducted by the English settlers—who, be it remembered, worked as hard as any of the Americans. After this, things were quieter in town (though we had quite a fire one night in the Paco District) and we could go anywhere we wished without the slightest danger. It was then we visited our boys in the hospitals. It was always such a comfort to me to know that they were all receiving the best of care.

It would be impossible to go into the

details of my life from this time until I left Manila. It was such a mixture of pleasure and pain. Hardly an evening went by but some two or three officers called, and we managed to make the time pass.

On the 2d of May I had been quite ill all day, and before evening was obliged to take to my bed and summon the doctor. Just before he arrived, a telegram telling me that my husband had been slightly wounded and would be in on the next train, was handed me. Though I was assured that the wound was in the hand and slight, I could not help worrying, and the fact that he would be taken right to the hospital without my being able to see him, did not tend to make me feel better. When the doctor arrived, however, all my worry was banished, for he kindly promised to go to meet my husband and bring him right to me. This was at seven in the evening. The train which was to bring in the wounded was expected at nine or thereabout, but it was very nearly eleven o'clock before it arrived.

The next morning found me able to be up. Of this I was very glad, as we had decided to go back to our home if I were able. For some time past I had been very tired of the life at the barracks, and my husband's being obliged to stay in town on account of his wound made it possible for me to leave, which otherwise would have been out of the question. Major Metcalf, who had been in town with a serious wound, decided to go with us. We spent two very happy weeks there together, at the expiration of which time my husband's hand was so much improved that

though he still carried it in a sling, he thought he must report for duty. He was put in command of the brigade of which his old regiment was a part, and this pleased him greatly. Major Metcalf, now colonel of the Twentieth, also went out and took command of his regiment, though he was still on crutches.

This left me all alone with only an invalid soldier to protect me, but I would have stood almost anything rather than go back to the barracks. Still, one night alone in that big house was all I cared for, so the next day I asked Mrs. Schlieman, the chaplain's wife, to come and stay that night with me. This was only for one night, and after thinking it over and talking to Mrs. Schlieman, I decided to beg the chaplain to come with his wife and remain with me altogether, and this he very kindly consented to do. For three weeks we were very comfortable and happy, when Mrs. Schlieman and I fell quite seriously ill. The doctors advised us to get away from this house and neighborhood as soon as we were able, declaring it to be very unhealthy. The Schliemans had a little home of their own to go to, but it seemed almost impossible for me to find anything suitable. I was in the depths of despair, when one morning Mrs. Devol, who had been a passenger with me on the "Newport," having learned of my illness, called and told me that she had a spare room and that she would be very glad to have me come to her. Two or three days more and I was settled in my new home, where I lived quietly during the rest of my nine months' stay at Manila.



VILLAGE OF PASAY, NEAR CAMP DEWEY.

THE ELECTRIC LADY.

By HAMLIN GARLAND.

IT is always sweet to come again into the open air after a long sickness, and Jacob Marshall would have felt the glory of the open air on any kind of a day, but it was distinctly spring as he came out for the first time since late December. He came out leaning on his son's arm, and as he lifted his eyes, deep-sunken and somber, to the skies, there seemed a special benediction in the air. It was late February, and the sun was almost sultry. The hens were burrowing in the chip-dust, careened on their sides like beached yachts, or were cackling shrilly out in the yard, where the long-haired colts were wildly careering in jovial pursuit of the young cattle. Roguish pink and white pigs cuffed each other like boys, on the sunny side of the corn-crib, and then sank into sudden sleep in a peaceful mood. The snow was all gone, and the smell of the uncovered earth came with inexpressible sweetness to the invalid's nostrils, made sensitive by long confinement in a close and unlovely sick-room.

The warm side of the haystack seemed to invite him, and he said with the semi-childishness of the invalid, "I'd like to git out there, Sam."

Sam helped him slowly out across the moist sward, and put him down on a nice

bundle of dry, sweet-smelling hay in the warm sun. Mrs. Marshall stood in the kitchen door and called, "Now don't let 'im ketch cold."

"Oh, I'm all right," returned the invalid.

"What did 'e say?" shouted his wife.

"He says he's all right," Sam yelled.

"Well, Sam," said the sick man, as his

slow eyes swept all about him, taking in with tender care every familiar object, "I didn't think I'd ever look at these things any more. It didn't look like it a week ago, did it?"

"Nope, it didn't—not on Monday, sure."

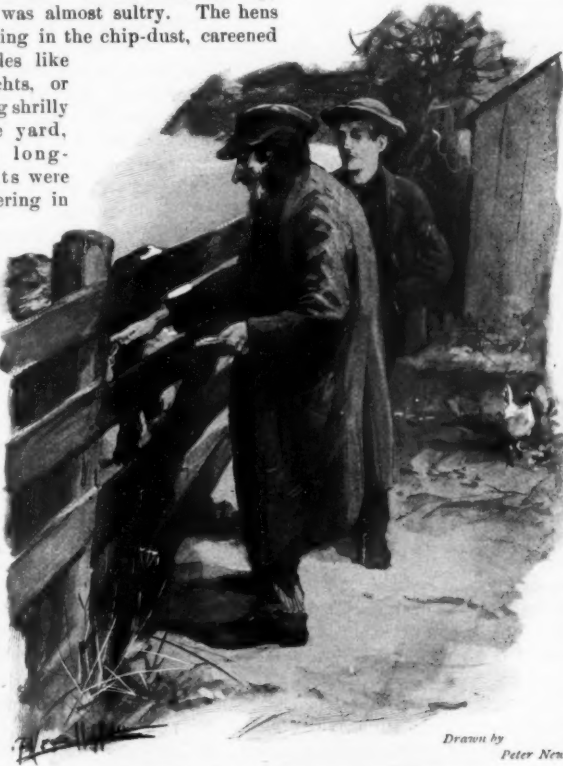
"Well, here I be, an' I tell you, it does seem good. I don't seem to remember that hen," he said, as

a chicken

came by with halting step, one eye upon them curiously. "An' we didn't have no rooster like that other one, neither."

Sam grinned. "No, I guess we didn't. I traded for them two chickens with Ed Briggs. I didn't s'pose you'd notice 'um."

"What'd you want 'o trade fur?" asked the invalid, with querulous interest.



Drawn by
Peter Newell.

"HE ENJOYED THE TOUCH OF THEIR ROUGH TONGUES."

"Well, I got tired o' nothin' but black an' white chickens. I wanted a bright-colored lot." Sam said this a little sullenly, and his father hardly dared to say anything further about it.

"I s'pose the colts are beginnin' t' shed their hair," he said, after a pause.

"Yes, I should say they was—I comb off about a bushel every mornin'."

"I thought these warm days would kind o' start 'em," said Jacob, as if this news were pleasantly confirmatory. "We'll be on the ground by the 1st o' March. Frost must be out much as two inches."

"All o' that. But I ain't goin' to be in no great sweat about puttin' in the crops this spring. I don't believe in mud-din' in a crop."

The old man was touched by something in the boy's speech.

"You don't seem to count much on me," he said, looking down at his thin knees.

"Well, I d'n—I don't expect you'll be good fer much before April. I'd better go downtown and hire another man. And say, I'd like to go to Des Moines, too, before spring's work opens up. It'll be pretty lively hustlin' round here for me after March 1st. I guess after you get up so's you can 'tend to things I'll go down an' stay a day or two."

There was silence, during which the sick man seemed to absorb the sunshine with the utter and direct pleasure of an animal. "Them yearlin's look well," he said at last. That was his way of complimenting his son. The yearlings thrust their moist pink and brown noses through the bars and moored softly. "I b'lieve they want to see me," the old man smiled. "I b'lieve I'll go over'n see 'em."

Sam helped him over to the bars, and brought some nubbins of corn, which the thin, weak hands of the old man fed to the calves with tremulous delight. It seemed to emphasize the fact that he was returning to life. They seemed to know him, and he enjoyed the touch of their rough tongues. As they stood there, Mrs. Marshall put a shawl over her head and came out. She was smiling but inexorable.

"Well, Jacob, ain't you ben out 'bout as long as you'd ought to? It's supper-time, anyway. Guess you better come in."

He was reluctant to go in. "I want 'o

just go round by the pigpen a minute," he replied, like a six-year-old boy.

"No, sir, you can't do no such thing. It's too damp and chilly round there. You'll go right straight back to the house—that's what."

"Let me feed the rest o' this corn, can't yeh?" he pleaded. But she took him by the arm and dragged him away. "I don't want you sick on my hands any longer."

When he got in the house, he found his chair very comfortable. He was prepared to rest. "I'll stay out longer than that to-morrow," he boasted, "and I'll be out doin' chores by next Monday."

"Well, ef y' do, I'll go down to the capital for a couple o' days. I've stuck pretty close here and I'd like to get out for a spell, 'fore spring's work comes on."

"You'd ought to," said Mrs. Marshall, in perfect unselfishness. "You've been a good boy, Sammy, and you deserve a little vacation." It did not occur to them to think she needed a vacation too.

The sick man went on, "Yes, sir, I bet I'll be able to go out 'n' superintend things, anyway." All the week he talked about it, and about Sam's going away. They talked more about it than Sam himself. They wanted him to go, and they wanted him to have a good time, but they wanted to impress upon him the dangers of the city. They were afraid to have him go alone, but they dared not say anything to him about that, knowing how quick he was to resent the imputation of weakness or ignorance.

Once a year they had calculated on making a trip to Des Moines, and especially in the years when the legislature was in session. They generally went down on the five o'clock train in the morning, and returned to do the chores in the evening, but this time Sam was going to stay overnight, and perhaps two nights. He had been kept very close during his father's illness, and they all felt that something extraordinary was justifiable. Sam had to fight all the week to keep them from mapping out every step he should take in the city.

On the night before he was to start, Mrs. Marshall got out his starched white shirt and collars, and hung them on a chair in the kitchen, together with his clean under-clothing.

"There! I guess them shirts is all right. The iron yallered one of 'em a little, but I guess it won't show," she said, while pinning a newspaper over the lower part of each of the windows. "You'll find the washtub in the woodshed, and they's a kittle o' fresh water on the stove."

"Oh, g'long to bed, moth'. How'm I goin' to wash if you don't skip?" She dragged the tub in and set it near the side of the stove.

"Well, there! Now I guess you're all right. I'll git up 'n make you a cup o' coffee——"

"You won't do no such thing. Go to bed! I'm all right. I'd rather eat breakfast downtown."

She went out, taking the small lamp, leaving the larger one on the table. Sam threw off his coat and vest, and was filling the tub with water, when he heard his mother returning.

"Sam, I forgot to wind the clock an' set the 'larm."

"Oh, go to bed!" shouted Sam. "I'll tend to that."

Taking a bath on a farm is like taking Vicksburg. It takes weeks, even months, to approach it, and a desper-

ate sort of bravery actually to accomplish it. Nothing but this special occasion would have induced Sam to peril his life in such a frightful undertaking. He generally waited, like

his neighbors, till the returning sun of spring made it possible to take a horsepail and a towel and go out in the windbreak or behind the haystack.

He dashed through the operation, wound the alarm, put out the cat, and went to bed. The alarm seemed to go off almost instantly, and his first thought was that

the blamed thing had slipped somehow, and he was just turning over to go to sleep again, when he heard his mother moving about, and realized that it was time to get up. His shirt and collar gave him some

trouble, and by the time he got down into the kitchen, Mrs. Marshall had some meat sizzling, and the

table set. The train went through at five o'clock, and it was nearly two miles to the station.

"I hope you won't miss your train," his mother worried.

"I'll git it—never you mind. I'll git it allowin' you don't

make me late with your darn breakfast," he added, ungraciously.

When he struck off down the road on the spongy sod that lined the fence, ducks



Drawn by
Peter
Newell.

"SIGNOR FRANCHETTI—THE WORLD-FAMOUS FIRE-EATER!"

were cackling on the lowlands, the roosters were crowing, dogs were barking, and old man Briggs could be heard shouting at his cattle, and incidentally, the east was growing light. He had no satchel to carry, and felt sure of making the train. As a matter of fact, he waited several minutes on the platform, in company with a local politician, who was going down to put a bill through.

Upon arriving at the city, he took his way, as usual, toward the Capitol building, which was always the supreme object of interest to the country visitors, the central point of their day's sightseeing. There were the usual groups of farmers and their families strolling about the rotunda, and the usual number of smart young farmer beaux with their sweethearts, who giggled or looked shy, according to their natures, when a jaunty passing clerk said, "Hello, girls!"

The boys assumed to know all about the Capitol, and they accosted the doorkeeper, or rang for the elevator-boy, with daring and nonchalance which the girls could not help admiring, while they trembled with apprehension. Sam called them "smart Alecks," with infinite scorn.

Sam spent the entire forenoon at the Capitol building, and ate his dinner in the restaurant down in the basement (which was an annual treat with him), where he had green peas and tomato sauce with his mutton-chops. The afternoon he put in downtown and riding on the electric cars. He was thoroughly tired out as he sat down at the table at the Palace Restaurant that night. So far his trip had been quite like his regular annual blow-out, as he called it, but there remained the evening, which was the best part of it all.

The wonder and mystery of the city seemed to increase as the darkness fell over it. It was all very great and impressive and thunderous to him in daylight, but at night the electric cars seemed more like living things, and the clang of their gongs had a more startling note. The streets seemed to grow more boisterous, and the laughter of the girls on the street had a wilder quality as if they belonged to that strange, fascinating underworld of which he had heard so much.

Then there was the theater—the crown

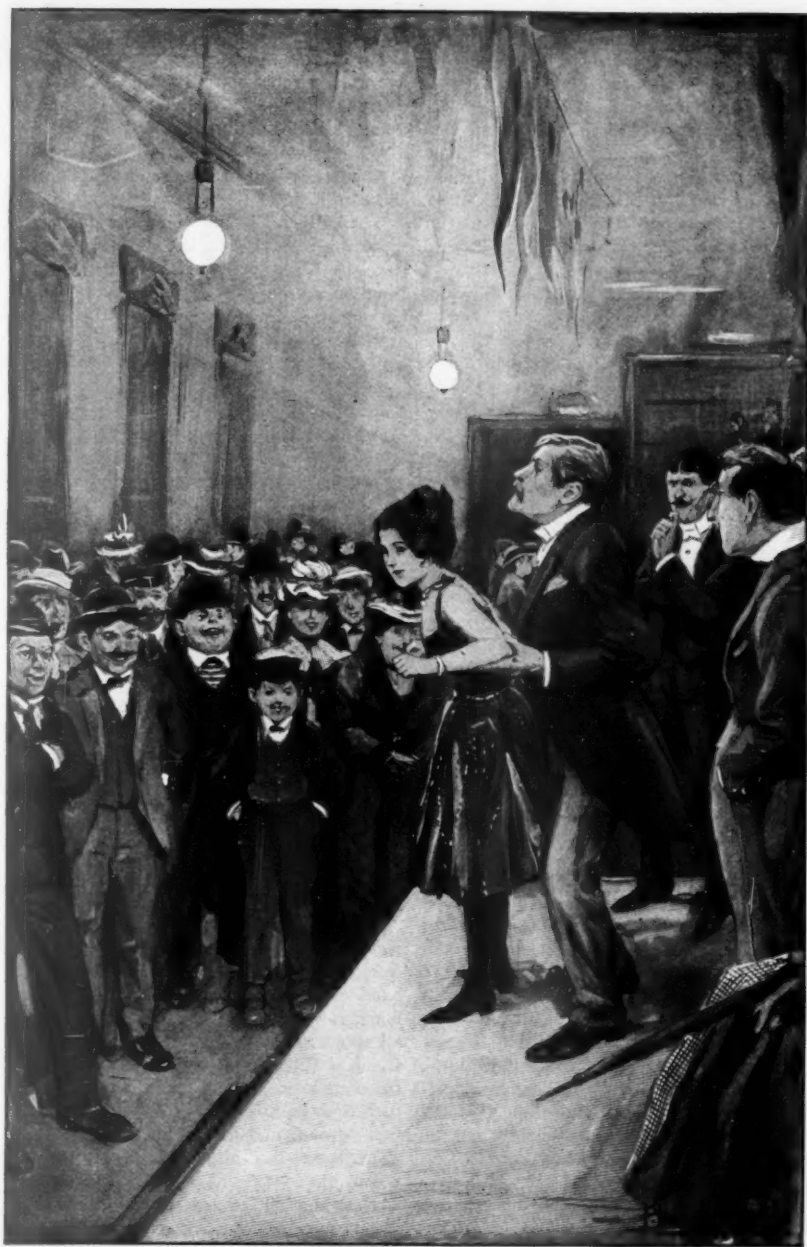
and glory of his whole trip was to be the play. His starved soul hungered for drama. He came out of the chophouse with the design to hunt up the theater. As he stood indecisively on the sidewalk, picking his teeth with a cosmopolitan air, as he believed, he saw a gay and glittering sign across the street—"Wonderland." Under the sign were crimson and yellow portals with posters on each side, the whole entrance lighted up with a huge, glaring, white, sputtering electric globe. A few boys were standing about, looking at the brilliant posters, so Sam went across and joined them.

The posters read, "Miss Lulu, the Wonderful Electric Girl! The Marvel of the Age!" There was a picture of Miss Lulu printed in blue with a red border. In each hand she grasped, like the American eagle, bundles of thunderbolts. Sam had read of her in the newspapers, and after careful reading of every word on the posters, he sauntered over to the ticket-office, where a very pretty girl in a sailor cap was chewing gum, gassing the loafers, and incidentally selling tickets.

"Say," said Sam, "does the show begin pretty soon?"

"Uhuh!" she nodded and smiled, and two lovely dimples came into her cheeks. She looked just like Rose Sanderson. He liked her, and wanted to stay and talk, but another purchaser came up and elbowed him out of the way. He climbed the stairs with some misgivings, however. This was exactly the kind of place he had been warned against. It was decidedly like the gilded dens of iniquity Elder Snell was fond of alluding to. He was assured, however, by the placards on the walls, "We Reserve the Right to Eject Any Person"—"Our Patrons Are Ladies and Gentlemen"—"No Disorderly Person Allowed"—etc. These enabled him to keep on notwithstanding the other evidences of sin.

He came at last through a swinging green door into a long, barren hall, on one side of which was a row of windows, and upon the other a row of platforms about hip-high, covered with red carpet. On the first of these, a couple of fellows were making music upon beer-bottles, banjos, blocks of wood, and other things out of which one



Drawn by Peter Newell.

"HE PUT HIS PALMS UNDER HER BARE ELBOWS."

could not reasonably expect music, or even pleasant noise.

On the second platform there were a curious lot of tubes and clubs and bottles, and a placard above the collection pointed to the owner—"Signor Franchetti—The World-Famous Fire-Eater." Next the signor stood a group of urchins before a cage of monkeys at whom they were slyly poking sticks and things, to hear the monkeys complain. They were very cross, and squeaked and chattered petulantly.

On the last platform sat a girl in a short dress of some wine-colored material. She was knitting busily and modestly upon some kind of crochet-work. Sam liked her at once, even better than the girl in the cage downstairs. She had very pretty hair, done up stylishly on the top of her head. Her muscular and yet slender legs were clothed in black stockings. Her arms were bare and shapely. Her face was calm and intelligent. She appealed to Sam as a very beautiful girl indeed. He sauntered over by the candy-counter, and stood studying her. She knitted away, apparently unconscious of him, or of any one else.

A roughly dressed young fellow came up and spoke to the candy-girl. "Say, when does she begin?"

"'Bout eight. She's a daisy, she is!" said the candy-girl, in admiration.

"That's what I heard. I come up on purpose to see her perform."

"I wish I had her act. She'll learn it to a feller for a hundred dollars."

Sam got ashamed when the Electric Lady at last discovered his stare, and turned away to watch the people come straggling in. The band stopped at last, and a small man in a thin nasal voice began to speak in the exact tones of a circus man who sells tickets outside the door of a side-show.

"Ladies and gentle-men," he began, with many strong downward inflections. "the first exhibishun will be my world-famous act of eating living fi-ah. If any gentlemun in the audience—doubts me, he is at liberty—to come up and examine my mate-rials."

He then ate balls of fire and blew flames out of his mouth, whirled blazing sticks, and did other tricks similar to those Sam had seen in a side-show. He was only

mildly interesting at best, and Sam walked back to the edge of the platform, to gaze again at the Electric Lady. There was a heightened color on her face, and she had ceased to knit, and was wiping her hands upon a silken handkerchief.

"Now, ladies and gentle-men, proceed to the other end of the room!" shouted the Fire-King.

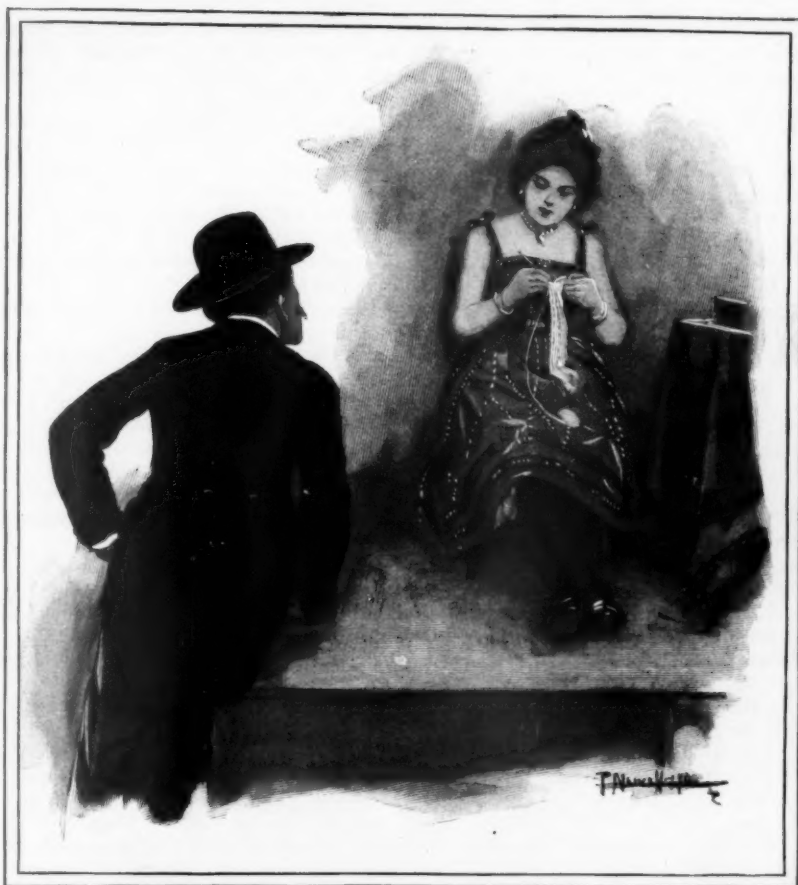
The audience surged about the platform, crowding Sam close to the steps, up which the Fire-King clambered. His face was a peculiar sallow, but shone like a polished parchment. His lips seemed to be blackened by the fire he had eaten.

"Ladies and gentle-men—We will now—have—one of the most *renowned*—and refined *exhibi-shuns*—that the world has ever seen. This young lady—probably—*has*—the greatest amount of animal magnetism—the medical world has ever seen. She has performed on every *part*—of the inhabited *globe*—the most wonderful *exhibi-shuns*—the world has ever seen." He now dropped his stilted manner and said, "Will three gentlemen please step up on the platform to assist the Electric Lady—any gentlemen at all?" He touched Sam on the shoulder. "Come up—only take a minute—the rest will follow."

Sam climbed up, followed by two other stout fellows. The girl flashed her bright eyes upon them as they laid off their overcoats and hats. She stood there lithe and muscular in her fine, rich, close-fitting dress, which came to her knees. She wore sensible, shapely, low-cut shoes, in which her feet were at ease. Her whole bearing was firm and deft and confident.

Her first trick was to lift three men seated upon a chair. After this she professed to be able to place the palm of her hand on the end of a billiard-cue in the hands of the three men, and throw them all about the stage. Sam noticed that she stood on the side opposite him, which put three against one, and made it easy to disturb their equilibrium. He was certain she was a fraud, and would have said so, had she not smiled at him and said, "It's pretty warm, ain't it?"

Next she held a cue in one hand and stood upon one foot, "defying," so the Fire-King said, "any man to move her, a thing impossible to do."



Drawn by Peter Newell.

"'HOW LONG YOU BEEN IN THIS BUSINESS?' HE ASKED, AT LENGTH."

When Sam came forward for this test, the Electric Lady studied him for the first time, and admired him.

He was a magnificent rural Western type. He was tall and perfectly proportioned, lithe and graceful at the waist as the Electric Lady herself. His blond, rather spare face was as impassive as hers, trained to hide all evidence of effort. His eyes were pale-blue, his nose was straight and fine, and his yellow mustache was graceful. He faced her with absolutely impassive countenance, with a peculiar haughty droop to his eyelids. It was the look he wore as he approached his antagonist in a wrestling match.

The girl braced herself and looked straight into his eyes, to embarrass him. "All ready!" said the Fire-King. Twice Sam laid out his superb strength and bent her slender body back till the veins stood out on her neck and temples, and it seemed as if she must give way. Back, till his breast touched hers, but she turned him aside as he pushed her off her feet with a trick of stepping out of his way as if he had himself fallen. Her face flushed, and her eyes showed uneasiness. She cast a quick, questioning glance at the Fire-King. Again the young athlete put out his crushing power against that slender body with its amazing resistance. The

crowd laughed, and then there came a look into his eyes that scared the girl. She had seen it before. It meant that her opponent had laid aside all mercy or delicacy because of her sex, and her slender muscular arms were of no avail before him. The physical pride of the man had been touched, and he would not allow her to resist him—he would crush her. He bent her down till his face almost touched hers and his eyes glared into hers.

He saw her give way, and mercifully dropped the cue, in order to partially cover her defeat. The crowd applauded. She was flushed and nervous, but she did not let her defeat appear upon her face. She spoke a word to her manager. She had one more trick, that of being lifted by the elbows—a trick made famous by a dozen Electric Ladies.

"Ladies and gentle-men—the Electric Lady will now perform—the most wonderful trick of all. She weighs only a hundred and twenty pounds—and *yet*—she will defy any man to lift her when her arms are bare."

When she took her place, Sam stepped forward. "Let one of the others try it," she said, quickly.

"Just let one of these others try it," said the Fire-King.

"I want to try it," said Sam.

"But I tell yeh, you can't—"

"Aw, let him try it," yelled the crowd, scornfully.

"He's too much man f'r her, that's the reason," said a voice.

Her face flushed, and she stepped forward, facing the audience.

"Take her by the elbows, so," the Fire-King said, putting his palms under her elbows, which were wrapped in silk handkerchiefs. "Now, gentlemen, you will see that with silk handkerchiefs on she can be lifted with ease; the handkerchiefs once removed, the magnetism will not allow him to lift her. Now lift her!" Sam lifted her easily, and then the handkerchiefs were laid aside, and he put his palms under her bare elbows. At the word, he put out his strength, but the girl's feet did not leave the floor. The trick was perfectly successful, he failed utterly to lift her. But she refused to allow him to repeat the experiment. The

crowd murmured, but the Fire-King seized the moment to shout, "This way to the Theatorium, ladies and gentle-men. The curtain is about to rise."

Sam stood by the platform after the rest had crowded into the inner hall. The Electric Lady was wiping her hands and fanning herself, after her exertions. She saw Sam waiting to speak with her. The crowds were moving past, on into the "Theatorium." A group of boys surrounded the cage of monkeys.

"Say," Sam began, "I know how you did that. You can't do it again."

"How did I do it?" she asked, defiantly.

"You jest let your elbows go up, and leaned forward. That made me raise up on my tiptoes, and then you leaned for'ard so 'st I had to lift leanin' forward too, and stand on my tiptoes. You dassen't let me try that agen. You ain't no more electric 'n I am, an' I know it—not a bit."

"You think you're awful fly, don't yeh?"

"I'm fly enough f'r you," he replied. "If you're so all-fired magnetic, why don't you just stand up there with me agen?"

She had taken her seat again, and had crossed her feet and resumed her knitting. Sam stood beside her, leaning against the platform. A tall young man in gay spring suit was leaning across the counter, talking with the candy-girl. They were discussing Sam and his encounter with the Electric Lady.

"I don't care about meetin' such fellers as you ev'ry day in the week," the magnetic girl went on, after a pause.

Sam did not smile. He remained grave, and there was something wistful, almost sad, in his eyes. He looked at her intently.

"How long you been in this business?" he asked, at length.

"'Bout a year."

"Pay much?"

"Forty a week and expenses."

"Oh, say, now you're tryin' to stuff me?"

"Not much I ain't. D'ye s'pose I'd go around this way, stand up here in this rig, f'r any less 'n that?"

"Why, that's twice as much as I pay my hired man on my farm for a whole month."

That's about as much as I can make in a year."

"You got a farm?"

"Yes—good one, too," said Sam, assuming an ownership in order to be her equal. "Say, how long d'ye stay here?"

"Only this week."

"Then where d'yeh go?"

"Dubuque. Why?" she asked, knitting away, without looking up, but there was coquetry in her voice.

"Oh, nawthin' much." There was a long pause. "Say, who's this Fire-King?"

"Can't yeh read?" she asked, nodding at the sign.

"Yes, but I ain't no spring-chicken. Who is he? What relation is he of yours?"

"He's a cousin."

"Honest?"

She looked at him for a single instant.

"That's straight. What d'yeh take me for?"

"I'll take yeh for anything—what d'yeh ask for yourself?" he replied, with another outburst of country wit. She was country-born herself, and understood him.

"I ask more'n you're worth," she replied.

"How d'yeh know what I'm worth? I may be rich, for all you know."

"Maybes don't fly this month," she replied, with an answering touch of banter.

The crowds gathering again brought out the Fire-King with his tricks a second time, and the Electric Lady performed again. Sam started to mount the platform, but the Fire-King firmly requested him to step aside, and when the girl gave him a beseeching look, he stepped down and watched her successful performance with the fellows who volunteered to try con-



Drawn by Peter Newell.

"THE BOYS JOKED HIM ABOUT HIS TRIP."

clusions with her. Sam stayed till the last act was over, and after the Electric Girl had slipped away he lingered around the door hoping to get a look at her in her street dress, but she must have gone out some other way, for he waited till the doors were closed and then went desolately back to his room. He then remembered that he had not asked her name, but he determined to find out all about her.

He was at the door again the next morning at ten o'clock, waiting to see her, but it was Saturday and the hall so crowded he had no chance to greet her by word. She saw him come in, and flashed a quick, roguish glance over the heads of the throng, and then fell at her knitting again. He hung about in a wistful sort of way waiting an opportunity to talk with her. He suddenly discovered that he did not like to have her sitting there for the crowds to gape at. He felt a distinct proprietorship in her, and scowled when a rakish youth (whose cheek was swollen with tobacco and who wore a faded derby hat) leaned over and spoke to her with a grin which he considered seductive. Her act was entirely successful that morning and the crowd roared with delight to see her toss her opponents about with deft ease.

After the Fire-King had invited the crowds on into the Theatorium, Sam approached (a little timidly) and sat on the edge of the platform.

"Hello, this morning," he said. "Don't want to let me try that lifting agen this morning, do you?"

"No! thank you!" she replied, in a tone that made them both laugh.

"Say, I have got to go home this afternoon."

"Have yeh? I'm sorry."

"Are yeh? Honest?"

"Course! What makes y' think I ain't?"

"Because I can see you're laughin'."

"What ye want me to do—cry?"

"No, but y'd oughto look sorrier'n that," he said, boyishly.

She tried to draw a long face, and they both laughed. There were just boys enough around the monkeys' cage to make a convenient noise. The candy-girl ached to hear what Sam was saying. She con-

sidered him splendid. "No wonder he made a mash on Lulu."

"Say! I'll tell you what I'll do," Sam burst forth, after a little pause. "I'll come over to Dubuque and see you."

"Won't do you any good if you do," she replied, flushing a little.

"I'll bet it will. I'd go now, only I promised the old folks I'd be home to-night. I'll come over sure," he said, in reluctant good-by, as he saw the crowd coming back from the Theatorium. A sudden impulse seized him and he came back and leaned over toward her again.

"Say! you ain't told me your name."

"There it is over there," nodding at the placard.

"Oh! what are you giving us?" with an assumption of city slang. "That ain't your real name, I know it."

"Well, it ain't quite, but it is pretty near. My name is Louise."

"Louise what?"

"No, sir! Louise *Foote*," she said—a familiar quip which he thoroughly appreciated.

"Say! I'm going to call you Louise," he said.

"Well, I can't help it," she said, knitting away steadily.

He leaned over closer. "Say! I wish you would—I'll tell you what's the matter, you're the purtiest girl——"

"Aw! you go 'long," she said, stamping her foot, while she laughed and blushed. "You'll miss your train."

"Well, good-by," he said. "See you in Dubuque."

He pushed away smilingly through the crowd, but as he went down the steps his smile faded away. There was an empty feeling around his breast somewhere, and a little tightness in his throat. He had a great mind to stay over Sunday, but he had promised to be home on the noon train. On the cars he planned his trip to Dubuque. The ground would not be fit to work for several days, and he could just as well have a few days more of play-spell as not. He had long had a desire to see Dubuque and the great river that ran at its feet. He planned it all with a magnificent feeling of being his own master and that it was to be the most extraordinary experience of his life. It would take

courage to face the questions of his friends and relatives, but he felt equal to it all, at the moment.

But when he put on his old clothes that night, and went out to do the chores, something of the lift and courage went out of him. The first depressing influence of the inexorable and dull routine of his life went on with his ill-smelling coat.

The next day was warm beyond all expectation, and it was evident that seeding was upon them. As they rode to church, they went around by the "upper forty" and found it beautifully dry and mellow. The others seemed to see every robin and blue-bird that was abroad, and Mr. Marshall pointed out every green bank and every field which had been entered upon by the drag. There was nothing but talk of seeding among the men who stood about on the sunny steps of the schoolhouse. Ed Briggs and several others boasted of having sowed twenty or thirty acres. They all claimed that the ground was already dry as a bone and that the frost was entirely out. Every word of this talk was a death-knell to Sam's hope of a trip to Dubuque. The boys joked him about his trip. "Sam must 'a' had his pocket picked in the city."

In church he could not help comparing Rose and Alice and Nettie in their simple dresses, with his memory of the Electric Lady and her beautiful blue and purple dress. They seemed very commonplace in comparison with her lithe and powerful figure and her wonderful face. The mystery, the perspective, of her life appealed to his imagination, as the placid, easily understood faces of his classmates could not. At other times in his life there had come into his imaginings glimpses of the great world of wonderful women. Many times the beautiful ladies of the circus had appealed to him in something of the way that the majestic acrobats had come into the lives of the girls who sat beside him. These circus women had always seemed so far away, but he had seen and spoken with the Electric Lady.

The boys asked him about his trip to the city, but he seemed to be unusually reticent, almost savage. He resented their interest. All the way home he seemed to

grow more depressed and took no part in his father's joyous anticipation of the coming on of the spring's work. At supper his mother noticed his depression and spoke of it.

"What's the matter, Sam?"

"Nawthin'," he replied, gruffly.

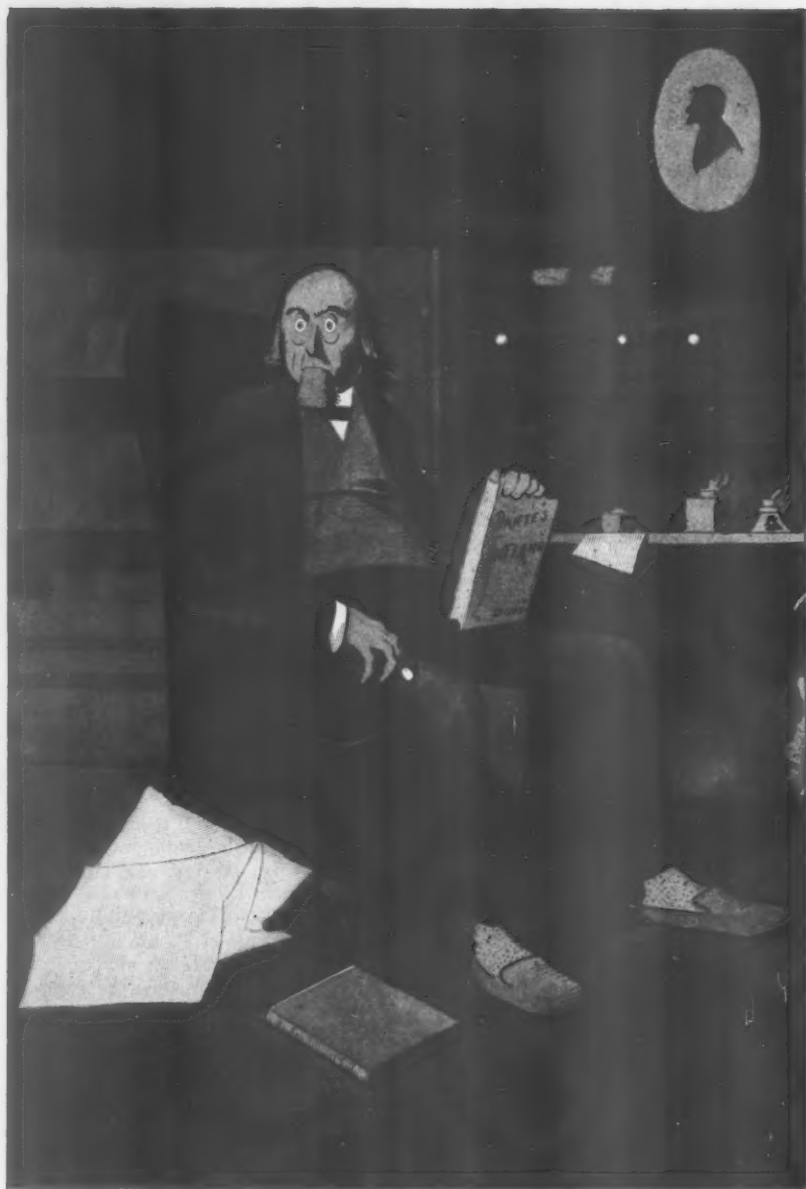
"Well! I know better. When you can't eat more'n four biscuits with maple-serrup I know you ain't right. I ain't raised you f'r nawthin'. You are bilious, that's what ails you."

The rising sun streamed warm and yellow upon Sam's roughly clad figure as he curried the horses the next morning. An hour later he was fanning up seed-wheat in a cloud of dust, going over in memory his talk with Louise while he steadily turned the crank of the mill.

By ten o'clock he drove out upon the mellow brown soil with the team, and scattered the sacks of wheat along the fence. All the week he worked savagely, apparently unmoved by the voices of the birds, the caress of the wind and the vast, edge-rolled, fleecy clouds stately as ships and yet evanescent as smoke-wreaths, forming and melting mysteriously in the warm south wind.

He could not have explained why, but the beauty of the day made him feel sad, and hunger, and filled him with dreams, though he saw and felt the beauty around him only vaguely and indirectly. Each day put him farther away from his plan. Swiftly, one by one the threads of habit and circumstance looped themselves about his limbs and chained him to his tasks, making his plan for breaking away even for a day or two seem absurd and at last impossible. The next week he knew would carry her out of his life irrevocably, and on Saturday he gave her up.

But there were times when he stopped his team in the field and fell to dreaming of the Electric Lady and of the strange world in which she lived. It was the greatest romance that had ever come into his life, and for weeks it retained its power to make him forget hunger and weariness, but at last life settled gradually back into its accustomed slow round of doing chores, seeding, plowing, and for romance and relief he turned to Sunday drives with Rose.



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HIRAM HUNT IN HIS STUDY.

HIPRAH HUNT'S JOURNEY THROUGH THE INFERNO.

DEPICTED BY ARTHUR YOUNG.



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THE JOURNEY BEGINS.

HIPRAH HUNT was the founder and president of a Dante Club in that part of New England where witchcraft once flourished. His great-great-granduncle had been prominent in the affairs of Salem when that village was making history. A great-great-aunt had lent her aid in the extermination of witches.

Possibly it was atavism that brought Mr. Hiprah Hunt to prominence in the Dante Society and eventually put upon his shoulders the presidency of the club.

Hiprah Hunt would pore over the pages of Dante's "Inferno" all night and regret the dawn. He used other books as supplementary reading. He frequently gave public talks to his fellow-townsmen, and often lectured in adjacent counties, on the theme of his all-absorbing study. He read and discoursed on this doctrine so much that the underworld became to him as much a reality as the upper one.

There had been a very spirited discussion in the club one December evening. Mr. Hunt had reached his home at a late hour somewhat exhausted with his efforts as presiding officer. His wife had provided dressing-gown and slippers, and a deeply cushioned chair stood before the comfortable wood-fire. Sinking into the chair, he glanced affectionately at the book-shelf above.

On it stood a beautifully bound copy of the "Inferno," flanked on the one side by John Bunyan's "Sighs From Hell" and on the other by Jonathan Edwards' pamphlet on "The Justice of Endless Punishment"; then "The Sermons of John Wesley," a large copy of Christopher Love's "Hell's Terror" and a smaller copy of Spurgeon on "The Resurrection of the Dead." An ancient-looking volume was Jeremy Taylor's "Pains of Hell," and also in old binding Alexander Jepson's "The Certainty and Importance of a Future Judgment and Everlasting Retribution," while on the extreme end stood that notable book, William Cooper's "Three Discourses Concerning the Reality and Extremity and the Absolute Eternity of Hell Punishment."

Perhaps the warmth of the open fire tended to drowsiness. Presently, as he sat, a figure appeared before him standing in one of the recesses which the firelight but half penetrated.

"Mr. Hunt, I believe?"

"Yes."

"The president of the Dante Society?"

"Yes; but you have the advantage of me."

"No matter. We have viewed with alarm, sir, the discussions which have been taking place recently in your society, and I have come as the bearer of an invitation that you should visit our inferno and see things, not



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MR. HUNT'S ELOQUENT RESPONSE
TO THE OVATION.



Copyright, 1900, by Arthur Young. HAND IN HAND.

with the poetical imagination of Dante, but as they are in reality."

"But how?" broke in Mr. Hunt.

"Oh! that is quite easy. If you are willing to trust to my guidance, I will attend to the details of the journey."

Mr. Hunt arose and looked for a moment hesitatingly; then, as if throwing caution to the winds, he pulled off his dressing-gown, kicked aside his slippers.

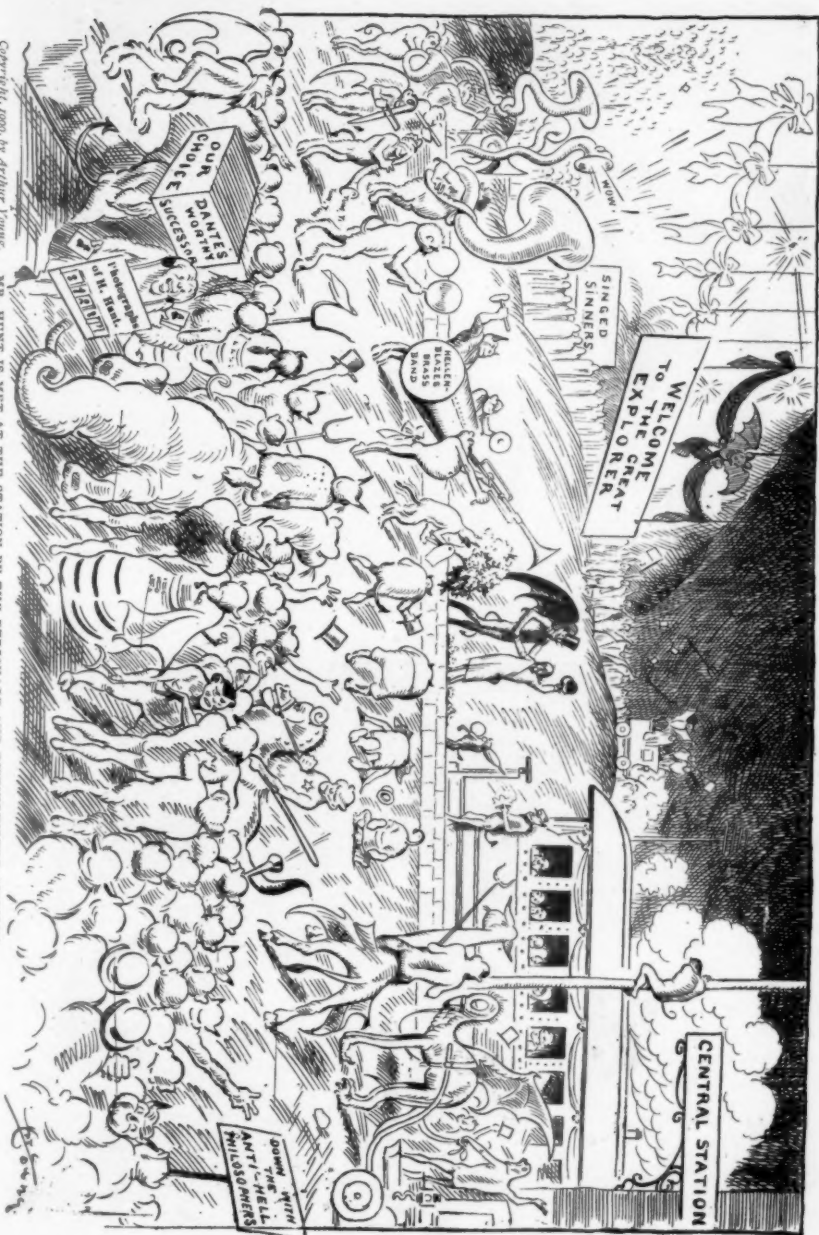
"Excuse me for a moment," he said, "and I will be ready to accompany you."

We will pass lightly over the incidents of the trip itself. In after years Mr. Hunt was never able to recall this part very distinctly.

Presently the obliging personage who

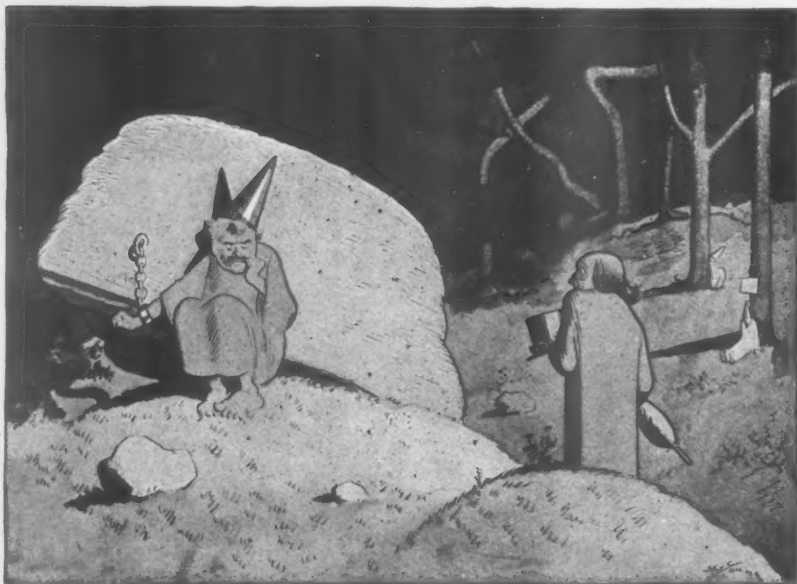
kept close at his elbow said, "You will find that they are expecting you, and I should not be surprised if you would be given a public reception in view of the notable character of your services; for I can assure you, sir, that these have been highly appreciated by our chief."

Mr. Hiprah Hunt's account of his adventures was subsequently partially written out in seven hundred cantos. It was the original intention to publish these cantos intact; but space forbidding, they were turned over to a distinguished artist who has endeavored to tell the story in his own way in briefer space; and it is the artist's translation of the seven hundred cantos that will be given.



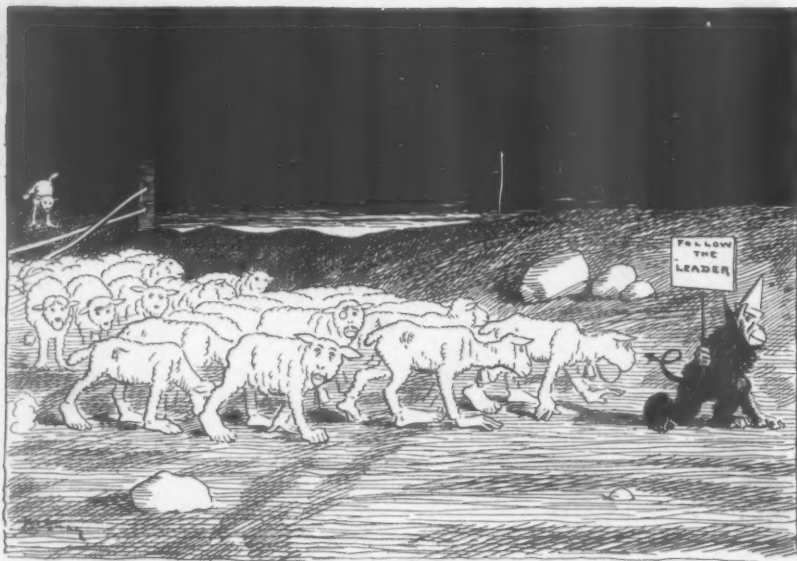
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MR. HUNT IS MET AT THE STATION BY THE PERSONAGE AND DISTINGUISHED CITIZENS



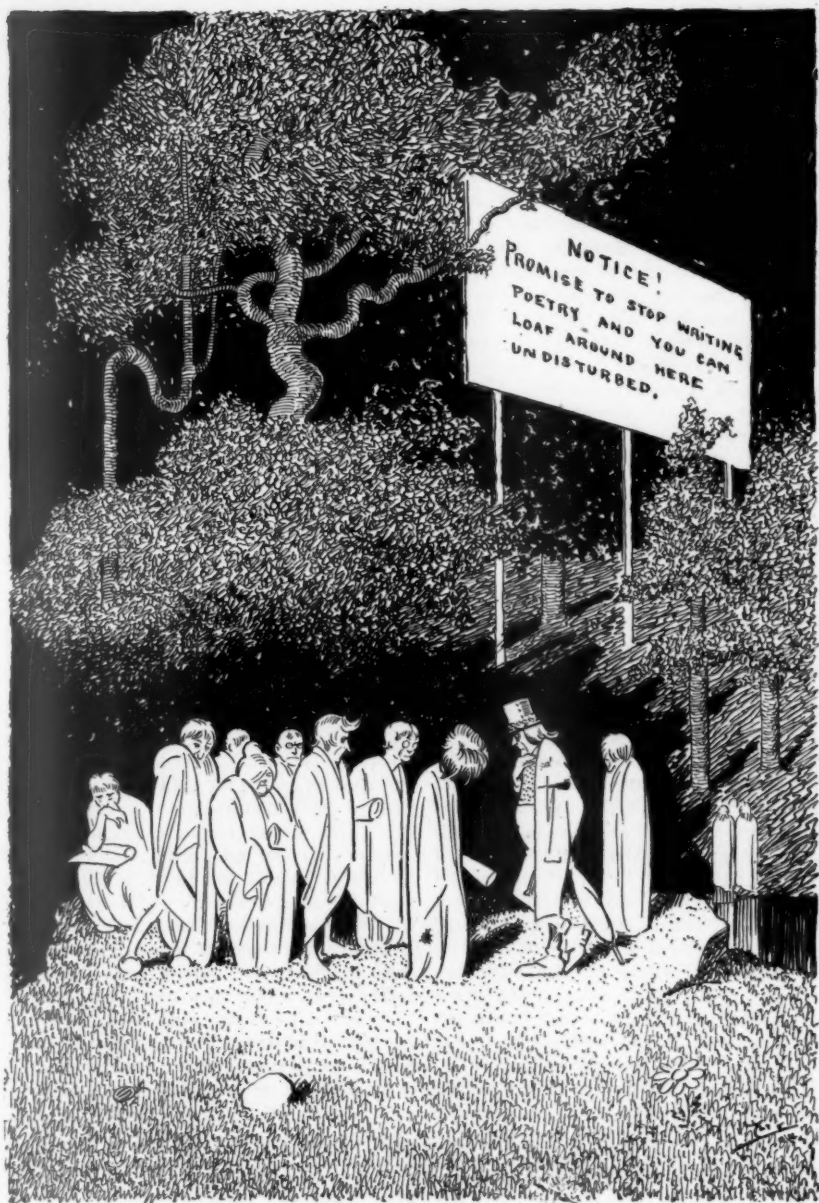
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THIS MAN WAS FOND OF PLAYING JOKE ON OTHERS, BUT GOT ANGRY WHEN THE JOKE WAS ON HIMSELF.



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THEY NEVER THOUGHT FOR THEMSELVES.



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CONFIRMED WRITERS OF BAD POETRY.

(To be continued.)

A MOABITISH WOMAN.

BY FRANCIS WILLING WHARTON.

IT was half-past twelve, the crowded hour, and the café was full when Thayer made his way to the table that an attentive waiter had reserved for him. Every other table was occupied, but there was over the room that subdued air of breeding that French people can varnish lightly over their most sketchy and highly colored characters. An occasional laugh, a louder murmur from a table in the corner, indicated that the three young ladies seated there were "*jeunes Américaines*," a class of people indulgently looked on by the native public.

Thayer settled himself, ordered his lunch and then looked about over the top of the wine-list. He was a New Englander, marked with some characteristic attributes. The men of New England are resolute in whatever direction they go. They make the hard-headed man of business, the noble and disinterested citizen. Thayer belonged to the former class. Having had money since he was born, he proceeded to make more. He worked early and late, with the determination to stand well above his fellows in the world. He was athletic, and extremely liked by men for his good humor, straightforwardness, and the steadiness of his friendship. Women did not talk about him. His manners to them, easy, pleasant and selfish, gave them a comprehension of his indifference; he cared more for himself than for any woman living and they knew it. He was very good-looking without having any beauty, and he stood well, walked well, dressed well.

He was in Paris on business, the business was done and he felt like having a good time; he wanted to eat, drink and be merry, so with this in mind he looked about him. The table in the corner attracted him. There were three women and two men. The two women who faced him were pretty. The men were of his kind; and one of them he knew. They were taking their time, they had a holiday air, and they needed a third—why not Thayer? He was in no hurry, however, and he was halfway through his lunch before he caught the eye of the man

he knew. They nodded to each other, and something in Thayer's face suggested his readiness to join the others.

Harkstead—for that was his friend's name—got up and came over to his table. The usual greetings, handshakings and inquiries followed, and then—"Why don't you come over to our table?" suggested Harkstead. "Three delightful girls, and an old friend of mine, Forrest—you know of him certainly. We are going to drive to B—and take dinner there and home by moonlight. One man has failed, and I was going to look up a sixth—come along, you will be most opportune."

"I will join you with pleasure if I may make one condition," Thayer smiled.

"Fire away—"

"Let me choose my companion—"

Harkstead threw back his handsome head covered with thick curly hair and laughed aloud.

"Characteristic impudence, by Jove!" he said. "Not a bit of it can you—but wait, which is your choice?—for I believe Miss Dana, the girl whose escort has failed, will be the one you'll light on."

Thayer stared covertly but carefully. "I haven't first-rate opportunities to judge the little lady with her back to me, but I'll risk it against her, on her hair and hat. I don't like them. I would rather drive with the fair one on the right."

Harkstead got up smiling. "Done," he said, and shook hands. "Finish your salad and then come over and have coffee with us," and he went back to his party.

Thayer was aware of some commotion, some laughter, and one clear and very pretty peal made him raise his eyes. They were all talking about him, discussing him—the women abusing him, he was sure. He promptly got up and crossed over to their table. Harkstead introduced him.

"I present myself for inspection," he said, coolly, "and if you don't like me I'll go away, but if you'll try me you will find that I'm a thoroughly amiable fellow."

He was chaffed at once on all sides and so admitted to the midst of them.

"The little lady with her back to you is named Janet Fell," said that young person herself, "and she is sorry you don't like her hat."

Thayer, amused at Harkstead's tact in repeating only half of his comment, joined in the laugh that followed.

"I am by far the most amusing person present," she went on, "and if it wasn't perhaps indelicate, I could lay long odds that you'll wish you had chosen me as a companion—not that I'd have deserted Harkstead if you had," and she added, "I don't like Boston men."

"Don't you? Now, why?" Thayer's voice sounded belligerent.

"They are too frivolous for me," retorted Miss Fell, and the laugh went against him. "However," she continued, "we are all just *people* here, from anywhere and nowhere, and don't let us think of anything so oppressive as a home! We are here to enjoy ourselves."

"Really, Janet"—Harkstead was paying the bill—"you might have made a bohemian if it weren't"—he turned toward her with a sparkle in his eyes—"if it weren't that you are so painfully clean."

"That could be easily remedied," said the girl, lightly, and they all laughed again.

"Come, the carriages are waiting." Harkstead got up. "Forrest, you go first with Mrs. Waverly. Then, Thayer, will you escort Miss Dana? And last, Janet and I will bring up the rear." And he helped Miss Fell to button a refractory glove.

It was a shining day in May, with every leaf and flower quivering in the sunshine.

The three victorias took their way through the crowded streets, to the Bois, and so to B——. And Thayer felt from the moment his foot touched the step that he was glad he was alive, glad he was in Paris, glad that the girl beside him was to be his companion. They were both silent for a while, then she turned her head with a certain gracious air he had noticed before and looked at him.

"It is rather like being cast on a desert island together, isn't it?" she said, and smiled.

"You are charming," thought the

critical young man; "I'm in luck." The last words he repeated aloud.

"I'm in luck," he said, deliberately. "Who could think I should have such a person as you are quite to myself on a long drive in the springtime? Why, I'm almost afraid of it. Those whom the gods intend to destroy, they first load with favors, isn't that it?"

"Oh, don't trouble about that," she answered. "I am a rose with a thorn; most people, in fact, think I have several."

"I like thorns," said Thayer.

"When they prick other people," she retorted, giving him a keen glance from her light-gray eyes.

He laughed.

"It doesn't take much to make me laugh to-day," he began. "That wasn't really very funny; in fact, I think it was quite malicious; but I feel in the most excellent humor with everything and as though laughing were as easy as breathing. I have been happy all day; I think I must have had a premonition." He leaned back in his corner of the carriage and smiled at her without attempting to conceal his admiration.

She was a very lovely woman, twenty-three or -four, he decided, with shining yellow hair, brilliant eyes, a skin of dazzling pink and white; her features—he could not stop to think about them. She wore a hat loaded with roses, and a light gown; he liked the fact that she was *comme il faut* as well as other things. He wondered why she wasn't better looked after, why she was allowed to stray about without protection, then decided characteristically that it wasn't his business and expressed his mental attitude in his next speech.

"The kind of things my mind runs to," he said, "are, 'Gather ye roses while ye may,' 'A short life and a merry one,' and the poets in order are Tom Moore and Herrick."

She raised her eyebrows. "I shall expect a very gay drive," she answered, "but don't be banal. I've had such a lot of lovemaking, I don't think I want it unless it's very good of its kind. How do you do it? Well?"

Thayer was nettled. "It's never a

necessity with me," he answered. "I can always stop it, you know."

She threw back her head with a short amused laugh.

"And you are the man that likes thorns," she said.

Thayer colored, something he was rarely guilty of.

She laughed again. "What a good thing to find out early in the drive that you are nothing more than a boy after all, with all your aplomb. I thought you were frightfully sophisticated and imperturbable; I'm so glad you are not. Don't be angry," she added; "if you knew how much better I liked you for that—that blush." She looked into his face with mischief in her eyes.

He wasn't to be caught twice. "You have me at a disadvantage," he said, "and it's only fair that I should see what you look like when equally discomposed. I'll bide my time, however, and now I suggest small selections from our autobiographies; it would be less like a masked ball."

"Which is the most amusing thing in the world," she responded. "I enjoyed myself immensely at one the other night. I wish you had been there," she added. "You would have been so delightfully angry when you found me too charming to leave. You hate to acknowledge any one's power, don't you, but when I try very hard——" she stopped and laughed.

Thayer met her eyes with defiance. "Do turn my head," he said. "I've never had it done and it must be such a pleasant process. I've always wanted to feel it whirl. Please." He leaned toward her, but she shook her head.

"I've made enemies enough," she answered. "I refuse to add you to the list. You are not a man who would be grateful for trouble expended on you. Let us change our tack and see what we are like in other ways."

Thayer looked rebellious.

"Oh, don't be afraid," she added, with a reckless insouciance that startled him. "I shan't forbid you to fall in love with me, if you want to, later—only for a while let there be peace between us; you will confess the two are not reconcilable. First our names. Yours is——?"

"James Thayer. And yours——?"

"Diana Dana—a most unfortunate bit of alliteration, but I shall change it soon. To go on, what do you do?"

"Sell iron and play golf. And you?"

"I? My work? Looking for suitors. My amusement? Sending them about their business. But look at those trees! How I love birches?" She became silent, quite absorbed in what they passed, and so Thayer had a moment for reflection. He thought of several absurd things. What sort of a wife would she make? Lovely, there was no doubt of that. And never dull. But what would she be like, day in, day out? Would one's friends fall in love with her, and would that strike her as amusing? Then would she want to go to a great many masked balls?

Pshaw! what nonsense one's brain churned forth! He was thirty last January, time to get some sort of home; life couldn't always be May in Paris! May in Paris was apparently a little like a dream, at least he felt as though he was dreaming. Dreaming! Not a bad idea to dream such a day, such a scene, and such a pretty thing as the girl beside him. If she was a dream, she was his, no one else knew her, no one else could look at her. Decidedly that was a pleasant thought; he could go on dreaming. He leaned forward and touched her gloved hand lightly with his forefinger.

"In my dream," he said, slowly, breaking their long silence, "you draw off your glove. I would like it better, please."

She looked at him.

"I am dreaming all this," he said, "and part of it is that you do what I want; please don't spoil it. I don't think I ever did it before. Please take off your glove; I hate gloves."

"We will compromise," she said, smiling. "I'll take off one," and she drew off her glove.

"I thank you." Thayer leaned back.

She looked at him. "How nice!" she said. "You have ceased to look competent. You looked terribly competent at first—competent, matter-of-fact, and a little of a Jew."

Thayer's eyes blazed. "A Jew!"

"Be careful! You'll wake up!" she said. "You narrow-minded New Eng-

lander without a drop of the talent every Jew is filled with!" Her eyes grew very light, very gray, and something flickered like a flame in them.

Thayer stared at them. "They are beautiful," he thought.

"You might look occasionally at the wayside," remarked Miss Dana, indulgently. "The violets are worth while even for a Bostonian."

He turned his head. "They are pretty good," he responded, "and I am now going to dream that we stop and pick some of them."

Thayer stopped the carriage; they got out and walked into a field dotted with trees. The grass was blue with the flowers, and for half an hour they wandered about picking violets, then went back, and waking up their coachman, drove on.

"I never saw violets like these," Thayer said. "They are different, don't you think?" He laid his bunch in her lap. "Give me some of yours," he added. "I think I'd like seven."

"Why seven?" She picked out the required number but did not give them to him.

"Oh, because—" said Thayer, "because I feel like having seven. It's the mystic number, and then 'there's luck in odd numbers, said Rory O'More.' You remember what Rory was doing when he said that?"

"Quite well—an action characteristic of the Irish. It's the one nation that understands taking liberties without giving offense."

"Did you ever know an Irishman?" asked Thayer, jealously.

"Dozens," she laughed. "Now don't fix that blue seaman's eye on me as though I were a squall and you'd better haul down all sail. And please don't jump to the conclusion that many of the gentry of Ireland have treated me as Rory did his widow. I hate suspicious people."

Thayer felt apologetic, something not very common with him.

"Forgive me," he said. "I didn't know I looked anything but just perhaps jealous—that wasn't so bad, was it?"

"Worse, because it's ridiculous. If you are jealous of a strange girl because

she comments favorably on an Irishman who exists only in a song, what sort of husband will you make?"

The words, "Try me," rose to his lips, but he checked them—that was a little past a joke, he thought—and became silent, rather startled at the charm the thought had for him.

Miss Dana laid her seven violets in her lap, and shaking out her parasol, opened it.

"Immensely becoming, don't you think?" she said, her eyes full of a light of mirth that became them.

"No, I don't think it is," said Thayer.

"Don't think it is! What bad taste and what want of manners!"

"I don't like the pink inside; it makes you look like an actress. Please put it down."

"Like an actress! If one small parasol can do it, it must be easily done." Her color rose a little.

"Not a bit of it. It's just that—it's profanation."

"Dear me!" She shut it promptly and then broke into a merry laugh. "Gracious! Think of my getting such a speech from an uncompromising mouth like yours. However, I suppose you will make up for it in some way."

Thayer took the parasol from her.

"Just heavens! what queer things women are! A strawberry on the top of a stick! Think how horrid when you put your hand on it, and it's ugly, too, and——"

"Enough!" she interrupted. "You are proving your sincerity too speedily. Now let us decide the violet question. I will give them to you, if you give me one good reason why I should."

Thayer smiled a little. "I haven't any reason except that you do it in my dream."

She looked at him with eyes softened by the drooped lashes. "You have something nice in you somewhere," she said, and held out the bunch.

Thayer took them and put them in his buttonhole; it gave him an extreme satisfaction to have them there. He looked at her. She had turned her eyes to the scene that lay before them, and an expression of such sadness touched her lips and shadowed her face that he felt a pang.

"Don't look like that," he said, with some kindness, even tenderness, in his voice.

"What have you been doing in such a gay city as Paris to make you look so sad?"

"Eating my heart out," she answered, then put out her hand and touched his. "Forget that," she said; "it was folly to say it to any one, especially to a stranger like you who are not occupied with that part of my life. But one has an impulse sometimes to speak the truth, and you—you look as though you could be a good friend if you chose. Now forget it."

He hesitated. Native caution chilled the answer ready on his lips and kept him silent for a moment. Miss Dana shivered as though to throw off something she felt which chilled her sensitive blood.

"See," she said, "there they are. We are at our journey's end." And Thayer felt that his chance was gone.

"You are not to talk to them," he said, leaning toward her, an imperative note in his voice. "We are to walk about or row or something till dinner, and you—you are my partner in this dance, and no one else's."

"Very well," she said, smiling coldly. "In this *dance*"—she emphasized the word—"I am your partner. It is only for a day after all. The most careful woman—or man—may commit themselves for one day."

They were driving up to the little hotel that was to be their stopping-place. "Hardly a day now," she added—"the end of an afternoon and an evening," and the carriage entered the courtyard and stopped. Thayer jumped out. Harkstead was in the doorway.

"You are two frauds!" he said. "We've been waiting half an hour. We didn't like to abandon you, as Janet suggested," he went on, leading the way through the restaurant. "Mrs. Waverly, Forrest and I thought you would be hopelessly compromised if you didn't at least *seem* to be with us. The order of the day (isn't this a jolly place!)"—as they emerged into the air again—"is to go out in those little boats for a while and then have dinner. Here they are." He called to the others who stood on the little embankment overlooking the river and who now welcomed them derisively.

"Really, Diana," ejaculated Miss Fell, "the one point we make is to keep within seeing-distance of each other—not hearing-distance," she added gaily, "but just seeing—and when you and Mr. Thayer—Ah!"—she broke off—"I see! It's the Pastoral Symphony. Look at their violets! Harkstead, why didn't you think of that? Susan Waverly, you and I have been ill treated." She slipped a hand through the arm of each girl. "Come," she added, "I have several things to say to you. Let them get the boats and see to things and order dinner, and we will sit here and rest from the strain of masculine society."

Thayer looked refractory.

"Goodness gracious," Janet went on, "that new man is under the impression that his wishes are of importance! Mr. Thayer, I run this party," and she gave a nod which would have convinced any one that she spoke the truth. "Go," she said; "we need time to recuperate our powers of conversation," and with that she turned her back on them and marshaled her feminine allies to chairs at a little distance. They sat down and began to talk with such evident gusto that Harkstead and Forrest broke into cheerful laughter.

"Come along," said the latter, "let us have a cigarette; and who is to order dinner, according to Miss Janet's sensible suggestion?"

"You, emphatically you," said Harkstead, "or why have an epicure amongst us? And Thayer and I will see about the boats; these suspicious Frenchmen must be paid beforehand." And giving Forrest a friendly push toward the restaurant, he led Thayer down toward the water.

"Janet's a sensible girl," he said, smiling, while Thayer and he lit their cigarettes. "Any man or woman needs a change after a tête-à-tête of two hours."

"Two hours." Thayer got into one of the boats and sat down. "I suppose it did take us about two hours."

"With your half-hour of philandering thrown in, it certainly did," and Harkstead glanced down at him with lazy curiosity.

Harkstead had no principles, but like a cat, he always landed on his feet, and his

instincts, which were seldom bad, were very keen. A great charm lay in him from the fact that among his mental furniture existed no judgment-seat. He also had a way of seeing what a thing was really worth, that ran through everything in life, from bric-à-brac to men and women.

"You found Miss Dana not hard to talk to?" he asked.

Thayer looked up. "Tell me something about her," he said. "I mean the truth, not social platitudes—what is she?"

Harkstead gave him a long, genial stare, and then laughed. "You don't want advice, you want information. Is that it? Very well, it's much more in my line. Why, Jim, she is the Miss Dana whom Donner broke his engagement to, don't you remember? A year or two ago—said she was flirting with Krenshaw, who is married, as you know. Her people are nobodies and his, of course, are—Donners, and so every one took for granted that though brutal, he was in the right. Then she accepted Dempster, the Senator from Nevada with his silver, and a month ago threw him over. That settled it, people were beginning to gild or silver her with his money, but when she actually showed herself sufficiently disinterested to go back on five million dollars, why, they gave her up as a bad job, and she's been blackguarded ever since. Her reputation makes most women fight shy of her, but Janet and Susan Waverly are careless and a little unknowing and provincial, at the same time good-hearted and loyal; it takes a lot of things to make up one thing. Several men want to marry her, but they are ineligible outcasts all of them, with brains and without position—except Warrington, to be sure. And that's about it."

Thayer extinguished his cigarette in the water.

"What do you make of it?" Harkstead asked.

"Did she care for Donner?" It was Thayer who spoke.

"I think she did, but he cut that down to the root."

"Krenshaw?"

"Oh, not a bit; I know that was jealous malice, combined with the fact

that Donner had always found it hard to stand her connections. She has an awful aunt with whom she lives, poor child. Come, we must go for our row or not at all," and they started up the bank together. "Of course, Warrington is the solution of her problem," went on Harkstead. "He was to have come to-day. He may turn up at dinner, but I doubt if he will be able to."

And they joined the women.

II.

Thayer and Miss Dana talked of the weather, the scene before them, the river on which they floated, until they were well away from the others, then a silence fell upon them, broken only by the even splash of the oars.

"It was clever of me to know you were a sailor." The girl had taken off her hat and tossed it into the bottom of the boat and looked at him with eyes unmarred by its Parisian frivolity. "I guessed it from your eyes, and now I see that I was right."

"A boatman isn't a sailor." Thayer dropped his hat by hers.

"What a surly voice!" She smiled. "How about Tom Moore and Herrick? Are you under the impression that they made answers like that to women?"

"One trusts they were sometimes in their senses," answered Thayer. "They couldn't have been blarneying first on one knee and then on the other, all day long."

Miss Dana looked at him curiously. "How you square things to the personal ego, don't you?" she said. "You are ruffled; now what has done it? Not Harkstead, surely."

He was silent, rowing with long swift strokes that made the boat jump through the water.

"Harkstead," went on the girl, "couldn't ruffle any one's nerves, not those of the most sensitive. He would be soothing to a murderer who had just got through and felt very jumpy." She looked at him for a moment, then turned her eyes to the bank that seemed quite distant from them, and then went on.

"Harkstead can even pity one without being annoying, a very rare accomplishment. Most people suggest delicately

that after all you did it yourself and you mustn't forget *that*, but Harkstead has a sort of kindness that is—that is maternal. Once or twice when he has pitied me, just for little things you know, why, I have actually liked it and then have wondered what it would be like to have a mother."

Thayer felt a question jump into his eyes and she answered it.

"No, I haven't any; she died when I was five years old. It made me very lonely even then."

Thayer thought very little about children, but he had an instant picture of a small creature with gray eyes in a little black dress, feeling very lonely and looking out a window on a winter street. He felt a conviction that lonely little children spent much time looking out windows. He looked at Diana.

"Poor little thing," he said.

"You are sorry for the child," she answered, "but the fatal mistakes, as people generally call most of my actions since I've been grown up, for them you make no allowance. That's natural, too, and I don't want your pity after all; Harkstead is unique." She broke off, and leaned toward him with a smile. "Do people always call you Jim?" she said.

Thayer looked at her.

"Don't be afraid," she added, coolly. "I'm not going to do it. I merely wanted to know."

Thayer forgot the nagging thoughts he had been turning over for the last half-hour. "Afraid!" he said. "Afraid!" And he laughed. "Why, it is you who would be afraid. There is nothing I should like better."

"It is I who am afraid?" Her eyes lit up.

"Certainly, you wouldn't *dare*."

"Wouldn't I? Watch me." She leaned forward, her hands clasped over her knee. "Jim," she said, "*Jim, Jim, Jim.*"

Thayer drew his oars across the boat and leaned on them.

"Do it again," he spoke slowly. "It's by all odds the sweetest sound I ever heard. Do it again." There was a moment's silence. She shook her head. "It might become a habit and you know you wouldn't like that." She gave him a mocking smile.

"Let us make a bargain," he responded. "You will do this to please me and I—I will do anything you like in return."

"It's a little awkward to tell you there is nothing you could do that I would like, but——"

She smiled again.

"Isn't there anything you want?"

"Anything I want!"

"Anything I can give you, I mean?"

She gazed gravely at him. "Yes, perhaps——"

"Well, then," interrupted Thayer, earnestly, "it's agreed. What is it?"

"It's quite a big thing," she said, doubtfully.

He leaned over the oars and held out his hand. "Never mind, we'll shake hands on it."

"It would cost a good deal." She watched him curiously.

He smiled and spread his fingers wide.

"Your hand," he said.

She looked at him and suddenly smiled, with a tenderness, a sweetness, that gave him a throb of pleasure.

Leaning forward, she laid her hand in his.

"I give it to you as a reward for your folly," she said. "You are nice when you don't stop to think, but as a matter of fact, there is nothing I want from you except the things people give unasked. I might want you to like me, for instance," and she smiled into his eyes.

"Like you!" said Thayer, and gently pressed her fingers. She drew them away, and he felt that whatever she had done in the past was right, and that the one thing best to do in the present was to get nearer to her.

"You must tell me why you looked sad in the carriage," he said quickly; "you must tell me what you meant, and let, let me help you to—to——"

"Help me to what?" She shook her head. "You don't mean that, you wouldn't have the patience. I want terribly to regain my belief in things and I want to—to be taken care of, but," she went on hurriedly, "I don't mean to talk seriously to a man I never saw before to-day, nor will I—so let us forget all about it and be happy. You know we

started with the intention to amuse ourselves; let us abide by that."

Thayer felt a sense of mingled relief and disappointment, but during the next half-hour he only knew how good it is to be young and to laugh on an afternoon in springtime. They were the last to get in to the small wharf, and Forrest and Harkstead conducted them to the others with a great deal of good-natured chaffing.

Dinner was over and the room which they had to themselves was hazy with the smoke of three cigars. Janet was at the piano, a battered instrument that sent forth very pleasant sounds, and she poured out a medley of French, German and English songs that conflicted gaily in the ears of her hearers.

Diana sat at the window which the warm night permitted them to open, and leaned her head against the casement. Harkstead and Mrs. Waverly talked on the divan that ran the length of the room, and Forrest occasionally filled his glass or some one else's from the table near his elbow. Thayer, who sat somewhat apart listening to the music, got up and joined Diana at the window, where he stood leaning against the other open half of it. He heard a voice, and turning saw a young man who had just entered the room with every evidence of satisfaction in finding them.

"Isn't it delightful to be here!" he exclaimed, and Thayer watched him shake hands with Forrest and Harkstead with some wonder. Who was he? Mrs. Waverly knew him too; Janet almost embraced him. He advanced to Diana. Here he was less sure of his reception.

"I was so disappointed this morning!" he said, and shook hands with her, the color mounting to his face, and Thayer saw suddenly that the new-comer was a handsome fellow, fair and young, quite five years his junior.

"You don't know Thayer," broke in Harkstead. "Mr. Warrington, Mr. Thayer." The two men bowed. "Thayer took your place," went on Harkstead, "and filled it creditably enough, though his attentions to Miss Janet Fell have been a little marked—however—" He waved his hand as though in forgiveness, and

they all laughed, Warrington joining on general principles.

"Most people's attentions to Miss Fell are," he added, and Janet buttonholed him, drew him to the piano, and made him give a thousand explanations of his failure to join them earlier in the day.

Thayer looked down on Diana's bent head. She was looking out of the window. "There is a balcony out there," he said. "It isn't very big, but it will do, and— Feel the air, how cool and fragrant! In here it's so warm, don't you think? What do you say?"

"You tempt me," she answered. "They won't like it, but what matter? Every one cannot be pleased in this world." She took the one step needful, and found herself on the minute iron balcony. A moment later Thayer was beside her. A second after that came a burst of rebuke from the room; it died down after a while, however, and the two people in the soft, scented outer air paid very little attention to it. The sky above them was studded with stars. The breeze blew lightly across them; there must have been a garden near by, from the perfumed breath that reached them.

"There is something the matter with me, I think." Thayer leaned back against the wall behind him and looked up at the dark-blue sky over his head.

"I could write verses to-night, I believe, and—and they would all be about you."

"About me? But of course—I happen to be here."

He looked down at her. "That's it," he said—"you happen to be here."

"I should like to ask you a foolish question," said Miss Dana. "May I?"

"You may—even two."

"Well, then, what are you living your life to get?" She looked up at him.

"I don't know," answered Thayer, slowly. "Let me think."

"What do you think worth having?" she went on. "Riches, honors, high places, praise?"

"I don't know why," he answered, "but they all sound very empty. Are those the only things people strive for?"

"No, there are others," said the girl, slowly. "There are peace of mind, a search for truth—and love."

"Oh—and love," repeated Thayer. "I thought you had forgotten something."

"I didn't forget it," she said. "I mentioned it last because one feels it isn't your guiding star, one feels that."

"It certainly hasn't been until to-day," Thayer returned. "All the rest of them came first, but——"

"After to-day they will do the same thing, Mr. Thayer. Don't mistake the truth for a moment."

"Oh, they will, will they?" he said, and then became silent, for there rose a conflict within him. He felt the truth of what she said, and for this one night, at least, rebelled against it. Everything in him had gone smoothly along together through his life, each instinct supporting the other, but of a sudden an alien had crept into the midst of them. Not to count the cost of things was impossible to him. He had done it all his life except in one direction, physical courage; there he reveled in the freedom of unthinking expenditure, for there it was his code that it was right to spend without measure—but this—this was a different matter. Whether to throw prudence, wisdom, foresight, to the winds and step gaily along the path beneath his feet, or to draw back, turn, and walk steadily in the other direction—these were the alternatives presented to him. If it were for one night only—Ah, but there the trouble lay—and at this point in his thoughts Miss Dana spoke.

"You are thinking," she said, "what a very wise person I am, how true what I have said, and that you won't go on saying certain things to me, because you are not the kind of man who says them to-night and forgets them to-morrow. I know you well, you whom I have known only for a few hours; I feel what you are, what you mean, what you want. So now I propose that we turn back through the window and I—I talk to John Warrington."

Had she been less ready to leave him, his innate belief in things as they should be would have given him strength to resist her and do as she said, but her coolness made the danger less and the temptation greater and a sudden pang of jealousy stung him as she ended her sentence.

"Stay," he said, "stay yet a while. Don't go. Why should we be so prodigal of pleasure that we throw it out of the window, or over the balcony, rather? One does not often feel happy—I will call it that if you like—but why should we put names to things? why take them au grand sérieux?"

She interrupted him with a gesture that startled him, it was so full of pent-up feeling. "Because my life is at a crisis," she said, "I can take them no other way. To-day, to-morrow, the day after, I am to decide whether I will go to the Consul's office and be married to Mr. Warrington. And the decision is made, in truth. What other choice can I make than say Yes? He is better than I am, truer than I am; he has youth, health and money. I love him a little, I shall love him more, and I am, if I could but think so, a very fortunate woman. It is only that I had intended once in my long-vanished youth," she laughed very bitterly—"my youth that vanished in a day when I was but twenty, for it left me early—I had intended to be very much in love with my husband and very, very happy when I married him—a foolish fancy, which I have almost made my mind up to abandon. Now"—she looked up at him; he rested his arm against the wall and bent his head so that he could look straight into her eyes—"now, what have you to do with all this? you will say. This, only this, that to-day, to-night, some glamour of my last romance seemed to come back, some of what I used to feel when I was eighteen years old and hadn't loved any one and was so sure I should—I——" She stopped, her eyes big, blurred by two slow tears that welled into them and lay in their depths.

Thayer felt the purest emotion of his life. For a moment he lost himself in those eyes. Then he steadied himself, every habit of mind, every trained instinct within him, arrayed against this mad invasion. He turned from her, and shutting his hands at his sides, looked before him into the night. There was an instant's silence—then:

"I had forgotten," she said, slowly. "I was going back, wasn't I? What could have stopped me, I wonder?" And

with a sudden movement, she had slipped in the window and Thayer stood alone.

On the blind impulse of the moment, he followed her. She stood just within the window, looking at them.

"Are you having a very gay time?" she said, her voice clear, sweet and gay. "You look sleepy; we shall be acquisitions, Mr. Thayer and I." She turned to him, met his eyes, and then glided over to where they all sat gathered about a table that had been cleared and was covered with a white cloth.

"What are you doing?" she went on. "Writing verses?" And she picked up a paper that lay on the table in front of Forrest.

"We are all very clever," said that young man, gravely. "We turn 'tub' into 'stub' and 'kiss' into 'miss,' and many other strange things. Come and try."

"You are also turning night into day," she retorted, lightly, "and if we stay here much longer we shall never be allowed to come again. Susan, are you in the habit of chaperoning parties that start for home at midnight?"

Mrs. Waverly pushed back her chair, and getting up, put her arm about Diana's waist. "It doesn't yet happen to be nine o'clock, so you are a little exaggerated," she said, smiling, "but we will do something you like better. Shall Mr. Warrington play or Janet sing, or——"

"Or Harkstead dance?" interrupted that young man himself. "Apparently Mrs. Waverly has caught the fashion we all have of thinking you have to be amused. Warrington, play a waltz, so that I can whirl this young lady into a good humor."

"There isn't room," objected Diana. "Look at all these little tables."

"Just the thing," was his answer. "We prove ourselves supreme waltzers if we can round them gracefully. Can you resist that music? Listen!"

Warrington had struck into the invad-ing rhythm of a German waltz, and a moment later Thayer was watching them whirling lightly, easily, smoothly amongst the tables. It was a pretty sight, and in some way it gave him back his composure. All was not over in life—a moment since he had felt blankly that it was.

He bowed to Mrs. Waverly. "Why may we not follow them?" he said.

"Can you waltz well?" she asked, smiling.

"Very well," he answered, with a smile of good-fellowship; but it was true, as she proved to her satisfaction a moment later.

"Really, Forrest," cried Janet, "are you and I to be left out entirely! You can't dance, but I can sing," and she ran to the piano and taking the air proclaimed it loudly.

"Have you had enough?" asked Warrington over his shoulder, as the music diminished to its close.

"Certainly not," said Diana, stopping a moment behind him; "I must go round once more with this divine Harkstead," and his answer was to break into "Wein, Weib und Gesang."

Thayer and Mrs. Waverly glided smoothly on and they waltzed till the music ended.

Miss Dana stood with one hand resting on a table, her lips parted, her breath coming quickly.

"The thing in life," she announced, "is to waltz with Harkstead."

"Play again, Mr. Warrington," cried Mrs. Waverly. "I don't believe Harkstead equals Mr. Thayer, but I would partake of the miracle."

Thayer crossed to Miss Dana's side.

"Am I not to have a dance?" he said.

"You are not to have a dance," she answered, smoothly, and met his eyes for a moment with the cool light of hers.

Thayer flushed.

She turned to Mrs. Waverly. "Let us each believe in our own partners," she said, "and get Mr. Warrington to give some Schumann, since he seems to be in the humor to do what he is told." And for a while they sat and listened. Then there was a general movement for home and Thayer drew Harkstead aside for a moment.

"How are we going back?" he asked, with something in his voice that made Harkstead look up from the flower he was securing in his buttonhole.

"Why, you and Mrs. Waverly, Forrest and Janet, and Miss Dana, Warrington and myself together," he said. "That's about the best, I think."

Thayer looked him in the face. "I want to go back with Miss Dana," he said. "Is—is this her arrangement?"

"Yes," answered Harkstead, frankly. "It is."

"Then do me a good turn and change it—let her get in, send the carriage a little ahead out of the lamplight and I'll get in—tell Warrington that he is to go with you and Mrs. Waverly. Do this, Harkstead; I, I——"

Harkstead hesitated. "Warrington will be disappointed," he said, slowly; "and Miss Dana, are you so sure you can make your peace with her?"

"No," answered Thayer. "But I don't often ask utterly unreasonable things and I have this very much at heart."

Harkstead looked at him. It was a great deal for Thayer to say, and on his principle of letting people work out their own salvation, Harkstead made his decision.

"Very well," he said. "I'll arrange it with Warrington, and your idea about Miss Dana will be simple enough. I think she'll marry Warrington, so I don't mind cheating him of two hours of her time. I'll tell him so, and also that you leave Paris in a day or so—which is true, isn't it?"

"I suppose it is," said Thayer. "Yes, and thank you, Dick," and they went together to get the carriages.

Miss Dana stepped into the victoria and sank down on the seat with a sharp sense of weariness. Leaning back in the corner, she looked forward into the night. The moon was still low and shed no light into the ill-lit courtyard.

"Drive on," said Harkstead's voice. "He will be with you in a minute," he added to Diana, and the carriage moved on to let another take its place at the steps. In the dark a man got in and sat down beside her. Harkstead's voice gave the order.

"À l'hôtel, cocher, Rue de R——," he said, and she felt the air soft and cool on her cheek as the horse trotted out into the night.

There was a long silence. Their carriage was considerably in advance of the others.

"Are you warm enough?" asked her

companion, and stooped to tuck the light carriage-robe about her feet.

The girl sat upright. "How did you come here?" she said.

"By wanting to very much," he answered, humbly enough, though her voice cut him.

"And my inclinations in the matter?" she asked.

"Were not considered," he replied.

"You have the virtue of truth," she said slowly, sinking back in her seat.

"Won't you forgive me? I wanted so much to talk to you." He spoke gently; it sounded so unlike his usual imperative speech that she looked at him through the darkness, then turned away again.

"It is no great matter," she responded, after a moment, "for I'm too sleepy to talk, at any rate—so it makes very little difference who is beside me," and she looked across to where the moon rose full and yellow in the night.

Thayer sat baffled and silent. He had followed the bidding of an urgent desire in getting his place beside her; now that he had it, he felt how useless it was to him. He was no more ready to choose his course in regard to this girl than he had been an hour ago. He only felt that to be parted from her and sit driving in the dark beside another woman, knowing she was driving in the dark beside another man, was intolerable, an evil to be escaped from at any price. He still needed time, time to think, time to balance, to weigh, to measure the cost, but he could do nothing while he sat near her but feel—that he did acutely, at the present moment miserably. He had dominated everything he had come in contact with in his life, but now—his smooth-shaven, clean-skinned face with its suave strength, its cool lips and steady eyes, had it been visible through the darkness, would have shown the traces of this struggle, the eyes darkened to intensity, the lips sensitive with feeling. Think! How could he? Everything resolved itself into one wish, to get back what little of her favor he might have had.

He leaned forward and turning toward her, spoke. "Won't you please not be so unkind to me?"

She did not answer, except to turn her eyes from the moon to his face.

"Won't you, please?" he repeated.

She turned back to the moon.

"You are making me very unhappy," he went on, "and what have I done?"

He got an answer at last.

"Nothing," she said. "I have nothing to accuse you of." The level tone of her voice was worse than her silence.

"And yet," he responded quickly, "and yet you punish me."

"I punish you?" she laughed. "How you exaggerate! I am tired and sleepy and have very little to say, that's all. You would have been wiser to let Mr. Warrington come with me; he is used to my silences. And Mrs. Waverly would have amused you."

Thayer made no answer. He felt a sense of discouragement, the like of which he had never suffered from in his life before. Leaning forward, he rested his elbow on his knees, his head on his hand. Diana felt a stir of joy within her. She had surmised so accurately the nature of this man that she knew how much such an attitude indicated. She had the wish to touch the smooth fair hair, but turned away. She was then besieged by another impulse, the desire to float with the current, to make no stand against the emotions that trembled in the air they breathed, though she knew well their value. What matter to have a little more to fight against in herself to-morrow?—she will have more to remember also. And to-morrow is only to-morrow, to-night is to-night. This, this is pleasure, this is youth, and when one says good-by to things, one permits oneself license—you can do a great many things when it is for the last time. She turned to Thayer, she touched him lightly on the shoulder.

"Look up," she said. "I am going to be very good to you and let bygones be bygones. I am going to be my very nicest self, so look up quickly," and he obeyed her and looked joyfully into her face. She added, gaily, "It is one for you and two for myself; I shouldn't have enjoyed being cross, and as for sleepy—I was never less so in my life," and she laughed, a laugh whose clear mirth came from the look in his face, which the moon showed her plainly; for the present, at least, he was hers. He joined in her laugh.

"Between you and the moon," he said, "I feel my head going round and round and round. I told you you would turn it this morning."

"Let us pretend," she answered, "that we are not ourselves—you at any rate are that—for to-night, just for to-night," she added, the temptation to touch on what was in her thoughts too strong to be resisted.

Thayer felt the vivid current within him stop and quiver, then it ran on again.

"Whom can we think of who are happier than we are?—than I am, certainly?" he responded.

"Include me," she retorted, smiling. "To-night being a time of indulgences, you are permitted to think that I like you, that I like you even a good deal."

"I shall have to pretend very hard," he answered.

"Not very. But who shall we be? I am tired of myself, and——"

"But I am not tired of you," interrupted Thayer. "Let us keep you yourself and just change me. Make me something worth while and worth having."

"Worth having?" she repeated. "Why? Am I to have you?"—then added before he could answer, "Come, names, names! Whom would you like to be, a prince or a poet?"

"Neither," he said. "Let me be something to you, your——"

"My what?" she interrupted, and laughed outright. "You are a goose," she went on. "What can I have but a father, a brother, an uncle—three stupid things? There is no one of interest who belongs to me—except, yes, a cousin, a cousin who lives in Australia. Will you take his part?"

"That depends," said Thayer.

"His name by chance is Jim," she went on, "and he is very nice, very rich, and very big—you are big, are you rich?"

"Enough," answered Thayer.

"And nice?" she queried.

"Nice? What does it mean?"

"Nice means kind, generous and rather good-looking?"

Thayer considered her answer. "Kind, generous and rather good-looking. I am not a brute nor a miser——"

"Nor a gargoyle," she finished and

laughed. "Is that the best you can say for yourself? I will speak for you. You are kind when you feel like it; generous with your money, not yourself; and as for your looks, the important point is gained, as I like them."

There was a moment's silence.

"And you said you liked me," said Thayer.

"Do you think," she answered quickly, "that my saying horrid things proves the contrary? You don't know a great deal about women, do you?"

"Not very much, it seems," he said.

"Yet I thought I knew as much as most men. I don't care much about women."

"Which makes it highly likely you wouldn't understand them, doesn't it?" She smiled. "Were you never in love?"

"No." He considered a moment. "I've thought them pretty, charming, and wanted to tell them so. And I knew a girl I was sorry to have marry another man. I told her so at her wedding, she asked me why I hadn't told her before, and I confessed that it hadn't occurred to me what a charming wife she would make until some one else found it out."

Diana smiled. "How soothing a virtue is sincerity," she said.

"I don't think," Thayer went on, "that I have ever welcomed the thought of marriage. It's rather a dull way of life. It would be so trying not to be able to talk to any one else than your wife, to be bored to death every evening and to have to smooth down ruffled tempers."

The girl looked at him. "You expect, apparently," said she, "your wife to be jealous, dull and bad-tempered. Do you think all women are like that?"

He looked at her in the moonlight. "I don't believe you would be any one of those things," he said, "but you are different."

"Am I? Different——" said the girl. "You mean you like me a little."

"Yes, I like you a little. If I were married to you, things would be reversed—it would be I that would be jealous."

"But not dull and bad-tempered," she added, coolly, and turned to look about them. "We are in the Bois," she went on, "and you haven't been Cousin Jim

once. There is one thing he never neglects to do in his letters."

"And that is?" asked Thayer.

"To send his love to little Diana. I am little Diana."

"If that's all——" began Thayer.

"No, don't; it was true, you know—bona fide. Here are the Cascades. How lovely it is! What a wonderful thing this Bois is!"

Thayer suddenly took possession of the hand nearest him. "One thing you will surely do," he said, "and that is, call me Jim—it won't be difficult with the complication of characters we have been talking of; it will come easily."

"Will it?" answered Diana. "I should like to know what that has to do with——"

"With this," he interrupted, and putting her hand to his lips he let it go. "Nothing; that was an inspiration."

"You are pleased to be poetical," she answered. "How can any one who is poetical be called by the name of Jim?"

Thayer looked into her eyes. "You are," he said, slowly, "you are the most utterly adorable creature in the whole world."

"Am I? Who told you?" she answered, flippantly, and clasped her hands in her lap; they trembled a little.

"No one; I found it out; it's another inspiration." He laughed from utter content.

"You have a great many, it seems," she said.

"Haven't I!" he answered. "I who never had one in all the rest of my thirty years. And I have another!"

"Which is?"

"What we shall do to-morrow. I couldn't go home without knowing that we should meet to-morrow."

Diana drew a deep breath. Was it possible that there lay in her reach what she wanted from life—all that she had asked? That the only one thing was her readiness to meet his advances? And was this a thing to stifle and stay, or might she let it grow strong within her? She could guess from his next words in what estimation he held her—a woman with whom to spend a day of pleasure or a woman he might want to make his wife. It was not that she desired a declaration

from him, only that she should feel that it was the possible outcome of what was between them. She had known what it was to be lightly rated by men, and it was the fear of that which embittered the hope that rose in her.

The green boughs had closed in upon them, the road was narrow, but a lamp threw a warmer light than the moon on Thayer's eager face.

"What is your inspiration?" said Diana, slowly.

"That we go to Fontainebleau. Will you consent?"

"You and I? And—and who else?"

"No one." Thayer's voice was persuasive. "What do we want with a party? We shall get on very well, you and I, don't you think? Quite well enough to spend a day together without other people's help. We may quarrel," he laughed, "but we will make it up."

They were leaving the Bois and she felt as though the clattering streets struck her.

"Have you forgotten," she said, "that I told you I wanted to be taken care of and gain back my trust in things? Do you think going to Fontainebleau would teach me the latter? Do you think that in suggesting it you do the former?"

They were amid the lights of the streets. Thayer could see her lovely tremulous lips, her eyes whose gray had grown tender.

"What harm is there in Fontainebleau?" he asked, eagerly.

"Would you have me go alone there with *any one*?"

"But I am not any one," he protested.

"Aren't you? In what lies your claim to be more?" She had turned from him and was looking straight before her.

Thayer felt her slipping from him. She would not take the part he pressed upon her. And he, he was not prepared for anything other than an eager pursuit of pleasure. The carriage stopped. They got out. The man had been paid and drove away, leaving them in the dark courtyard lit only by a small lamp. The girl looked up at him. The roses nodded in the wreath above her brow, and beneath them her eyes shone. She was all that charmed him, that tempted him, that drew him to her, but she was not what he had

intended to marry. His thoughts of the morning came to him. Would his friends fall in love with her? Would she want to go to masked balls? A sudden impatience of the choice imposed on him rose within him. He did not want to marry her; he did want to make love to her, roughly—that was it. Well, it was not his fault. She should have been wiser—or had less lovely eyes. He threw off the responsibility she had laid upon him. He caught her hand in his.

"Make an exception of me," he said, lightly, gaily, but with a certain intensity too. "Why should we talk of claims? Are we lawyers? Give me freely some little of your time and I will give you not a little, but a great deal of"—he raised her hand to his lips—"of worship."

Her brilliant fairness, her yellow hair, her parted red lips, flamed like a torch.

"Would you make an idol of me," she said, "and tell me that my feet are clay?" and turning she mounted swiftly the steep flight of stairs.

Thayer, standing at the foot, lost sight of her. Walking out into the cool, quiet street, he felt as if his eyes had been seared. His face was hot with the flush that had darkened it.

It was after two o'clock when Thayer turned into a little café on the Rue R—which was always open late into the night. Sitting down at a table near the window, he ordered some supper and then sat looking out into the deserted street. His smooth hair was ruffled back from his brow, his face was marked with the swift furrows that an inward struggle brings, yet he looked very vigorous and young in contrast to the pale and wearied faces of the men about him. His florid color, his Saxon contours, his blue morning coat with its cheerful lack of ceremony, gave him an air of youth, though possibly of youth in trouble.

He was hard at his problem again before the supper came, and started when the waiter gently suggested that his elbow was an obstruction to his setting the table.

The food did him good. Things took a more cheerful air. He had never thought so much in his whole lifetime as during the last hours, it seemed to him, and it was good to get back to the outer, tangi-

ble things again. He protracted the slight meal, tried to secure his thoughts in an ordinary channel, to think of business, of his plan of spending a week in London before he went home, of anything but the feelings this one short day had aroused and his reasons for resisting them.

He went home to his hotel, undressed and got into bed, but in five minutes he was lying on his back, staring up into the darkness, at the same fight again.

It was not one question he had to answer, but so many, so many. The girl had stirred and troubled his whole moral nature. Where lay the right and where the wrong of things? Were the gods he had served false gods? Were reputation, standing in the place one lived in, the fair speech of men, objects unworthy of man's seeking? Did she speak the truth when she told him he was generous with his money, saving of himself? He winced at the thought, and rolling over in his bed, he covered his face. What in reality was this woman the thought of whom possessed him? A picture of her shining eyes, her lovely lips, her wealth of roses like a nymph of Bacchus, came before his eyes—was this a temptation to be resisted, the bidding of Folly, or did his better nature speak within him? The vision shifted, changed, and her pure face with its pleading seemed that of a seraph.

Thayer shut his eyes and tried again to sleep. The effort was useless, and an hour later saw him walking along the deserted riverside, his hands in his pockets, his hat pushed back, wandering in a kind of dream. He watched the night fade, the early dawn streak the east, the light of morning touch the street with a brief freshness.

In the early morning, he found his way back to the hotel in search of bath and breakfast, and by ten o'clock was out again, feeling that he had lived a year in the night.

He waited till twelve o'clock and then walked to No. 2 Rue de R—. He had no plan, he had given up thought, he wanted to see her.

"Was Miss Dana at home?"

"She was out. Would monsieur leave a message?"

"No, he would call again."

Which he did at two. She was still out.

At four—the concierge was very sorry not to have known before and told monsieur, but mademoiselle had left Paris.

Thayer turned away. He felt very tired and a little dazed. Where should he go?

Who would know what this sudden departure meant? Harkstead, perhaps. He would be at the club. So to the club Thayer went, walking slowly, lassitude in every step.

Looking through the rooms, he found him, reading in the window, and sought him without pretense of any other motive than the question on his lips.

"Has Miss Dana left Paris?"

Harkstead looked up from his paper.

"Yes," he answered.

"When?"

"This morning at twelve-something. They went to Tours."

"They—her aunt?"

"Her aunt?" Harkstead repeated the word slowly, then frowned a little. "She didn't go with her aunt, you know; she went with Warrington."

"With Warrington." Thayer repeated the words without expression.

"Yes. They were married this morning. Didn't you know?"

Thayer looked him full in the eyes a moment, then turned and looked out the window.

Harkstead jammed his hands in his pockets. He looked out the window also.

"She was pretty sure to do it," he said, "and now I understand she had made up her mind to it for some time, but couldn't say that on such and such a day she would give up her freedom. She had a great opinion of her freedom. You know Warrington is a fine fellow, he'll spend every drop of his blood for her as well as every penny of his money. By the way, there is a splendid cast to-night in 'Die Walküre'; will you come? I've another seat by mine; just ourselves, no babbling fools. Will you come?"

Thayer turned to him. "You are good," he said, "but no, not the 'Walküre' to-night, I think," and with a nod he left the room.

MEN, WOMEN AND EVENTS.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE HIGHWAY COMMISSION.

Among those who were members of THE COSMOPOLITAN's Committee deciding the automobile contest which took place between New York and the Ardsley Country Club in 1896, were Col. John Jacob Astor and Col. Albert A. Pope. It was hoped to have these on the Commission for a National Highway. But both were absent when that body was made up, and it was impossible to secure their assent. THE COSMOPOLITAN has the pleasure of announcing now that the Commission has been strengthened by the addition of these two names.



COL. JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

He will prove a valuable member of the Commission.



COL. ALBERT A. POPE.

and also that of Gen. Roy Stone.

Colonel Pope is so well known for the immense service he has

rendered to the cause of good roads, that it is unnecessary to do more than mention his name.

Colonel Astor not only has shown himself a splendid citizen and brave soldier, but is known among his friends as a man strongly interested in scientific affairs, and all that goes for national improvement.

THE COSMOPOLITAN now learns that General Stone for a long time has taken interest in this subject and has made valuable contributions to the press, antedating by several years Mr. Hawthorne's sug-

* * * *

DEATH OF ST. GEORGE MIVART.

The sudden death of St. George Mivart brings to an end his controversy with Cardinal Vaughan. The excommunication of St. George Mivart marks one of the most important epochs in the history of the Roman Catholic Church. No man, apparently, was more devoted in his religious professions than St. George Mivart. He has been for years recognized as a scientist of a high order who also found consolation in the dogmas of religious belief. Some of Doctor Mivart's friends have found difficulty in reconciling certain positions which he had assumed. Doctor Mivart's life was drawing to a close. No longer a young man, it must have required a profound wrestling of spirit before he could reach a position which would separate him from all that for years he had held most dear. But finally there came a day when neither the drawing on of age nor the fear of sacrificing companions and friends was sufficient to exercise control. He felt himself forced to speak his thought. That thought is in substance that the church has come to the parting of the ways. It must either absolutely refuse to recognize or to teach science, or it must discard the Old Testament. The struggle of the spirit, like many another of the same kind, has resulted in physical death.

CHRISTIANITY AND WAR.

There is much complaint nowadays of deserted pews in the churches, and from time to time one reads explanations of the why and wherefore of this desertion. Does it never occur to the good men who stand in Christ's shoes that the real difficulty lies in the reconciliation in the popular mind of Christian teaching and Christian performance? For instance, here are some thousands of Christian ministers in England to-day. Each Sunday for the past ten years they have read from the New Testament to their flocks. Nothing in Christ's teaching is more clearly laid down than the impossibility of a Christian war. Everywhere throughout his life, in every line of his Testament, Christ indicates his abhorrence of fratricidal strife. He counsels, he promises, he threatens, he commands, in the beginning, in the middle, in the end, against the practice of war.

Some questions arose over high taxes put upon English works in the Transvaal. Other questions concerned the extension of British control. Still other questions concerned the right of Queen Victoria's subjects to take a part in the political affairs of another people. These all may be large or small. Concede, if you will, that they are of considerable importance. At about the same hour it is announced that some millions of people to whom England owes responsibility, are starving in India. Suddenly vast armies are in motion for the settlement of the South African questions. The means which should have been drawn from England's treasury to relieve the millions who are starving in India or educate the hundreds of thousands who are in wretchedness in London, are diverted to the maintenance of its armies. Thousands of young lives are destroyed. Butchery, bloodshed and brutality are rampant. Now, you say, is the opportunity for Christianity. Earnest-minded men who tread in Christ's shoes will rise up with their followers as a mighty host and protest against this violation of God's commandments. Public opinion will be awed by these millions of Christ's followers. The time is ripe for a demonstration.

Alas and alack! The unscrupulous politicians who have brought about this war for their own personal ends have no stronger backing than these ministers. So far from demonstrating against bloodshed, they lend the whole power of the social structure which the ages have built around their churches to strengthen the enginery of this bloodshed. Not a protest, not a cry, not a whimper, from these successors of Christ!

As the sun of a new day rises over the hills, the thinking man, turning to the east, stands with his eyes looking down upon the words of Christ in the open book before him. What does it all mean? Are theory and practice so incompatible? Are these empty, sounding phrases which are repeated from the pulpits? Do these beautiful teachings have no response in the minds of Christian priests? Is it all farce?

And on the following Sunday there are more vacant pews and the Christian minister wonders why this indifference to the teachings of Christ.

* * * *

NEW IN SCIENCE.

The searchlight was adopted for the war-ship with much satisfaction because of the things it made possible in the night-time; but while exposing the doings of the enemy's boats, it has the disadvantage of furnishing a prominent target. The latest experiments are in the direction of a thin-walled, floating shell which will contain calcium carbide and is so arranged that on falling into the water, it puts up acetylene-gas flames of a brilliant white and sufficiently large to light up the ocean over a considerable area. It is possible to throw these shells a distance of four or five miles, the cruiser from which they are discharged remaining in the darkness, while the enemy's fleet is brought into a glare of brilliant flame.

**DREAMERS IN THE
BUSINESS WORLD.**

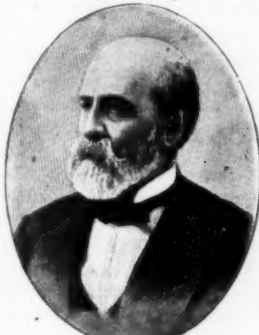
Perhaps the most common thing in business life is to hear reflections made upon the business man who is seeking to carry out an unusual idea. Dreamer, idealist, are the least unflattering of the terms applied to him. Yet a moment's survey of the great businesses of to-day is sufficient to call attention to the fact that the larger number of those who may be regarded as very successful are the men who but a few years ago were dreamers. They were men of an idea and that idea was original to a great extent with them. Not to make too long a list, let us pick at random five names: Huntington, Rockefeller, Pope, Plant and Westinghouse. These names represent five of the great fortunes of the United States.

Huntington's dream was a transcontinental railway. He was the proprietor of an extensive wholesale hardware establishment in Sacramento. But with foresight which



H. B. PLANT.

was not at once recognized by his daily associates, he drew in his mind a picture of a railway which should cross the Sierras. From day to day he worked out the details, and when he was ready he called the public into his confidence. Amid discouragements which would have stopped a less dominant man, an idea was worked to a successful conclusion and brought to its projector a great fortune, while to the



C. P. HUNTINGTON.

country at large it was an

Mr. Rockefeller con-organizing a business which in a haphazard and waste-experiments, the problem be-his mind's eye and year by of organization to bring the imum of cost. So successful he threatens to dominate the of an idea strenuously pur-

The late Mr. Plant was traveled through the South, then lonely fields and harbors. picture of a seaboard line surrounded by flowering cated this dream to the public

tion, he would have been ridiculed. It was worthy of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." But those who visit Florida to-day and wander in these delightful groves and palaces, must admire the ideality of the man, and marvel at the energy which produced such wonders. The great fortune which his work brought him was the reward which the public gave him for conceiving in its interests.

Col. Albert A. Pope came back from the war bearing in mind the deep, sticky mud through which the Army of the Potomac had marched across Virginia. Good roads became a dream. With the vision of good roads came the idea of a light wheel over which men and women might skim in delightful exercise. A poor man, he nevertheless by his vitality forced his dream to a realization, commanded capital and filled the roads of the United States with his product, bringing health and joy to



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

inestimable boon.

ceived the idea of thoroughly was at that time conducted ful manner. With his first gan to take clearer shape in year he worked at his dream production of oil to the min- was this dreamer that to-day entire world—all the result sued.

a railroad man who, as he realized the possibilities of He drew in his mind's eye the terminating in great palaces groves. Had he communi-

at the time of its origina-

millions. His was only a dream patiently worked out in its smallest details to a successful conclusion.

Still another type of man is George Westinghouse, born with an ingenious brain, given to dreaming dreams. Pittsburg, his home, was a center through which came much passenger traffic and many freight-cars. From time to time came accounts of accidents on the Alleghany Mountains when brakes slipped and trains rushed down to destruction. Along the tops of every freight-train passing through the city was stationed an army of employees to apply brakes in case of necessity. He conceived the idea of taking men out of these hazardous positions and giving safety to them and to the traveler. His ideal slowly took shape. When he considered that he had it in practical form, he stormed the ramparts of conservatism, ignorance, and unwillingness to listen, which occupied an important place in the railroad conduct of that time. Slowly, steadily, unswervingly he forced the practical man to concede that the dreamer was his superior. The comfort of the world is the result, while the dreamer has been rewarded beyond the wildest imaginings of his early visions.

The average business field is being daily narrowed with increasing competition; but the greater world of business to which access is had only with the open sesame of an idea will ever remain open and continue rewards that must satisfy any ambition.

For the benefit of the very young man perhaps it should be added that the power to dream, to look far ahead, to prophesy even, is not sufficient. To the power to foresee are occasionally joined judgment to organize and the nerve to attempt. But even all of these combined, are not sufficient. To them must be added the power to grasp endless detail; to differentiate these details with unerring discrimination. Even with these, the would-be successful man is incomplete: he must moreover possess a never-failing courage, patience to unravel small tangles, an unswerving determination, and finally the splendid physique which can unceasingly work without breaking down.

JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

* * * *

A TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

Most people have been informed that there is to be an eclipse, and many will ask the question: Where can it be seen? When can it be seen? What can we expect to see?

Total solar eclipses occur quite frequently, but each is visible from so small a portion of the earth's surface that the event is one of extreme rarity in any given place.

This time totality will be visible in the United States along a strip about seventy-five miles wide, stretching from near Norfolk, Virginia, to New Orleans, Louisiana. Any person stationed within this territory can see the eclipse easily with the naked eye if the weather is clear. But the duration of the total phase will be very short, ranging from seventy-three seconds at New Orleans to one hundred and two seconds near Norfolk. Short as this time is, observers will fail to enjoy its full extent, unless they occupy stations near the middle of the narrow eclipse track mentioned. The eclipse will occur at 7:27 A.M. for observers at New Orleans, and at 8:54 A.M. for those at Norfolk. The day is May 28th.

And what interesting things can we expect to see? Now there would be nothing specially important in seeing the sun covered up, if it were not for the corona. It appears that the round globe of the sun we see ordinarily is not really the whole of that body. There is a mysterious hazy appendage of luminous matter attached to the sun, called the corona, a remarkably beautiful sight, which is so faint that we can see it only when the brighter light of the central globe is obscured in an eclipse.

As the edge of the moon advances between us and the sun, we can see the latter gradually diminishing until only a narrow sickle of light is to be seen. Smaller and smaller this grows; and at last, when the sun's extreme edge is all but covered, the astronomer has the rare opportunity of studying for a moment the light that comes from the sun's outermost layer. This precious second passes, and then—out flashes the glorious corona; delicate, yet impressive, the very gem of all the jewels Astronomy calls her own.

HAROLD JACOBY.

THE NATIONAL HIGHWAY.

The Automobile Club of America has taken vigorously in hand the project of a national highway from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The Commission, consisting of Gen. Nelson A. Miles, President; Col. Albert A. Pope, Col. John Jacob Astor, Col. Samuel E. Tillman, Col. Peter Michie, Maj. Richard L. Hoxie and Gen. Roy Stone, had its first meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria on the morning of Monday, April 2d.

A preliminary report was adopted and read at the banquet tendered to General Miles and the Commission at the Waldorf-Astoria on the evening of the meeting of the Commission. One hundred guests, embracing many in prominent life, were present. The report of the Commission was read by Col. Albert A. Pope, so well known in connection with his national labors for good roads, and unanimously adopted. The following is the text of

THE REPORT ADOPTED BY THE COMMISSION:—

"*Resolved*, That the route presenting the most feasible line for a national highway from the Atlantic to the Pacific, seems to your committee to be between the fortieth and forty-second parallels of latitude. This embraces Boston, from which the route could be stretched east to Portland, Maine—then Albany, reached by a great highway from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Charleston, Savannah and St. Augustine. From Albany running west through Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, through Erie, Pennsylvania; Cleveland and Toledo, Ohio; Adrian and Coldwater, Michigan; Elkhart and South Bend, Indiana; from Chicago, Illinois; to Davenport, Des Moines and Council Bluffs, Iowa—through Omaha, Lincoln and Hastings, Nebraska; starting across the Rocky Mountains at Denver, reaching Salt Lake, and thence southwestwardly to Sacramento and San Francisco; a southern line reaching thence to Los Angeles, and a northerly one to Portland, Oregon, and Seattle, Washington.

"*Resolved*, That in view of the military importance of such a highway, and of the advantages to those sections through which it would be built, and furthermore, in view of the example in good road-building it would give to the people of the twenty-five states and territories through which it would pass, the matter be brought prominently to the attention of the people of the twenty-five states and territories concerned, in order that Congress may be petitioned to authorize the preliminary surveys required for such national highway; providing, if possible, for the completion of the survey of the section between Boston and Chicago the first year, that between Chicago and Omaha the second year, that between New York and St. Augustine the third year, and the remaining sections within the following year.

"*Resolved*, That it be suggested to the petitioners to prepare for the completion of the national highway by an appropriation for one-third the expenditure required, from the Congress of the United States, one-third by the states for those portions lying within their respective boundaries, and one-third by the counties, townships and cities through which the road shall pass; while the owners of all property benefited be asked to donate the right of way.

"It is the further opinion of this committee that in view of the rapidity of motion which science is substituting for the slower forms of roadway travel, and in view of conditions which many recent tests upon the great highways of France and England have already made clear, two points should be kept in mind with reference to construction: first, ample width, and second, the avoidance of curves. One hundred and twenty feet is shown in the boulevard which Massachusetts has built, leading out of Boston, to be not too great a width. One-half of this width might be built in the first instance, but by all means should the entire right of way be secured. The impossibility of avoiding collisions between carriages moving rapidly around curves calls attention to the necessity for long straight lines in a way that did not present itself in the earlier days of highway engineering."

* * * *

THE QUEEN.

To Americans who are without prejudice, who admire the fine qualities of the English people, but who view English affairs with a critical eye, the Queen is something of a mystery. Fully appreciating her many lovely qualities as a mother and friend, it is nevertheless not easy to understand how a woman of strength, of courage, of earnestness of purpose, of any clearness of vision, can permit, without public effort, the iniquities which have from time to time been practised by unscrupulous men in control of the British government. An explanation of this is promised for the readers of *THE COSMOPOLITAN* by Mr. Stead. The following correspondence shows how this article came to be written, and arouses curiosity as to the line of defense which Mr. Stead will follow in his article:—

"February 20, 1900.

"MY DEAR MR. STEAD:—

"Will you undertake for *THE COSMOPOLITAN* the preparation of a sketch of four or five thousand words on Queen Victoria; very just, very true, very diplomatic? Your countrymen are so accustomed to praise of the Queen and we are so in the habit of echoing your praises on this side of the water, that it seems to me that this article should be done and done well. To me, while admiring certain personal qualities of the woman, she seems one of the most melancholy failures the world has ever produced. With illimitable opportunities, she has apparently devoted her whole mind to trivialities. Perhaps I do her an injustice. If my view is the correct one, it would emphasize it to have all the good points brought out, with stress constantly laid on the fact of this melancholy misuse of great opportunities. But does any Englishman dare do this?

"Yours faithfully,

JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

"William T. Stead, Esq., London, England."

"March 6, 1900.

"DEAR MR. WALKER:—

"I am afraid that our ideas as to what is true about the Queen differ. You think that she (the Queen) has devoted her whole mind to trifles. After getting your letter, I saw a personal friend of hers who meets her very frequently in the discharge of business. He said that no conception was farther from the truth, and that she is probably the one human being in the British Empire who has constantly taken a serious view of all questions of government both great and small. Therein, I believe, he is perfectly correct. Great secrecy is preserved as to her interference in affairs. It is an interference that depends solely upon personal influence. What may be said against the Queen is not that she devotes her mind to trivialities, or not that she has been a failure, for she has not, but that at the beginning and the end of her reign she made two great mistakes, the first with her eyes open and the second with her eyes shut. The first was the Crimean war, the second the war with the Transvaal. The first she went into heart and soul. The last she was led into almost blindly, for her eyesight is failing and she can no longer exercise that vigilant supervision over the dispatches of her ministers which she has always done heretofore. Her defect from my point of view is that she has been swept in the earlier part of her reign by Russophobic influences, beginning with Lord Palmerston and ending with Lord Beaconsfield, and that but for the influence of Beaconsfield which led her to resist the evacuation of Afghanistan, where she was overruled, and the retrocession of the Transvaal in 1880, when she was unfortunately successful, she would have been in her later years a constant force making for peace and sanity in the government of our empire. This differs so widely from your view of her Majesty's position that I hesitate to write the article. I should be very glad to write an article embodying what I have said to you, but it would naturally differ so much from your point of view that I shrink from inflicting the manuscript upon you until I have had an opportunity of hearing your views again.

"Yours sincerely,

W. T. STEAD.

"John Brisben Walker, Esq."

"March 15, 1900.

"DEAR MR. STEAD:—

"I cannot agree with you about the Queen, and your letter makes me believe that no Englishman is capable of viewing that particular subject with a clear mind. But I may be wrong. What I desire is not that my opinion should prevail, but that the truth should be reached; and you may have the truth in this case, although I am strongly of the opinion that for once your mind is distorted. Therefore I shall be very grateful to you if you will let me have your manuscript.

"Yours sincerely,

JOHN BRISBEN WALKER."



Drawn by O'Neill Latham.

THE WRONG MAY.

The scene is a modern drawing-room on an evening in May. Miss Mildred Mondaine is discovered at a large open window with her shoulders white as moonlight, her admirable coiffure, her imported gown of Renaissance—altogether bien mise. She looks upon a dusky garden, where the scented breeze faints, too heavy with its sweetness.

A guest enters, advancing across the long room with a step light as falling leaves.

Miss Mondaine turns, surprised, yet with no more evidence of it than lies in a faint elevation of the brows. Not in vain had her careful mother taught her that self-possession is the first law of nature.

"Ah, I beg your pardon," she said; "my man failed to announce you."

"I always come unannounced," was the reply. "Humbly, I knock at the door of the heart and wait. Can it be you fail to divine my name? Why, how embarrassing! I am he—Eros—Love himself—come for my inheritance"—and with a sob of adoration he pressed his face to her hand.

Looking down upon him, she observed nothing in the region of the shoulder-blades beneath his broadcloth that agreed with the time-honored descriptions.

"Where are your wings?" she demanded.

"Why, my dear creature," he replied, rising, "none of the best people wear them nowadays. I go about in my automobile."

"But your clothes," she insisted. "The ancients never painted you in a dress-suit."

He faintly blushed, and bent an absent regard upon the vista of the garden where the flowering shrubs were silvered by the moon.

Miss Mondaine lowered her twinkling eyes—rather injudiciously, indeed, for before she could lift them again, they were sealed by his lips, while her face was showered by his ambrosial curls. Her guest was upon his knees before her, constraining her to his breast and overwhelming her in the music of his voice, sweet as the sound of rain on summer leaves.

"You are just a shade *expeditious*, are you not?" she gasped.

"It is May," he interrupted, "and I have waked the earth—yes, every rosy blossom I have tempted forth with kisses. I roused the birds and helped the first essays of foolish infant butterflies weighed down with their own beauty, and comforted the little rain-whipped grasses on the hills."

"I pushed the downy clouds and sent them sailing in the blue,
I taught the baby flowers how to drink a cup of dew,
I wakened all the lovers up and sent them forth to sue,
And now, O Sleeping Heart of Mine, I come to waken you."

Observing here that in his fervor he had declined a little into rhyme, he recovered himself with an apology and continued: "It is only a little time since the winter, and your bosom and your little hands are cold. You shall warm them here at the flames of my heart. For I am Love—he who burns eternally, and though my sorrows have been great and my tears like rain, they cannot quench my fires."

Long he poured forth his ancient canticle of joy, so low and close she could feel the quivering of his lips upon her cheek.

The night-air grew chill, the moon sank, and although Miss Mondaine listened with well-bred interest, she shivered even in his arms. At last the wooer recoiled in desperation.

"What ails your little heart?" he cried. "I have knocked so long at the door. The night is cold: I am weary and lone—but there is no reply. What ails your heart of stone?"

She shrugged her ivory shoulders in despair, then smoothed the creamy Renaissance upon her bosom. "It is so still," she said, with averted eyes. "Can you not waken it?"

Once more he flung himself upon his knees and invoked the unreplying heart. In vain.

He fell into a chair, muttering something that she surmised was profanity in the Greek.

True to her social education, she endeavored to relieve a rather embarrassing situation by some lighter discourse.

"How strange it seems," she pleasantly remarked, "that you are really he whom Psyche loved and sought."

"Psyche—Psyche—who the d——" exclaimed Eros, in some perplexity. "Let me see——" then whisked a gigantic memorandum-book from his pocket and began running a finger rapidly down the S's.

"Try the P's," she delicately suggested, and with one look of reproach he did so.

"Ah, yes, here she is," he said at length. "I remember perfectly now. You see there have been so many since. Observe how neatly I keep my accounts," he added with pardonable pride. "All the names alphabetically arranged and with their dates. I shall show you yours if you like. See, I shall turn to the M's."

His good humor was apparently returning, and she smiled with that fine look of interest she had brought to such a rare degree of perfection in several seasons of bellehood.

"Here now," he announced, triumphantly. "Read for yourself—'Miss Mildred Mondaine, May, 1899.' How I have been looking forward to this engagement with you, my dear!"

"But this is May, 1900," she corrected.

He stood as if thunderstricken while he realized the terrible fact.

"All is explained!" cried he, smiting his sculptured knees. "I am a year too late. *It is the wrong May!*"

Then, for the first and last time, Miss Mildred Mondaine lost her self-possession.

"Oh, Love, Love, why did you not come then?" she moaned. Tears blinded all her sight.

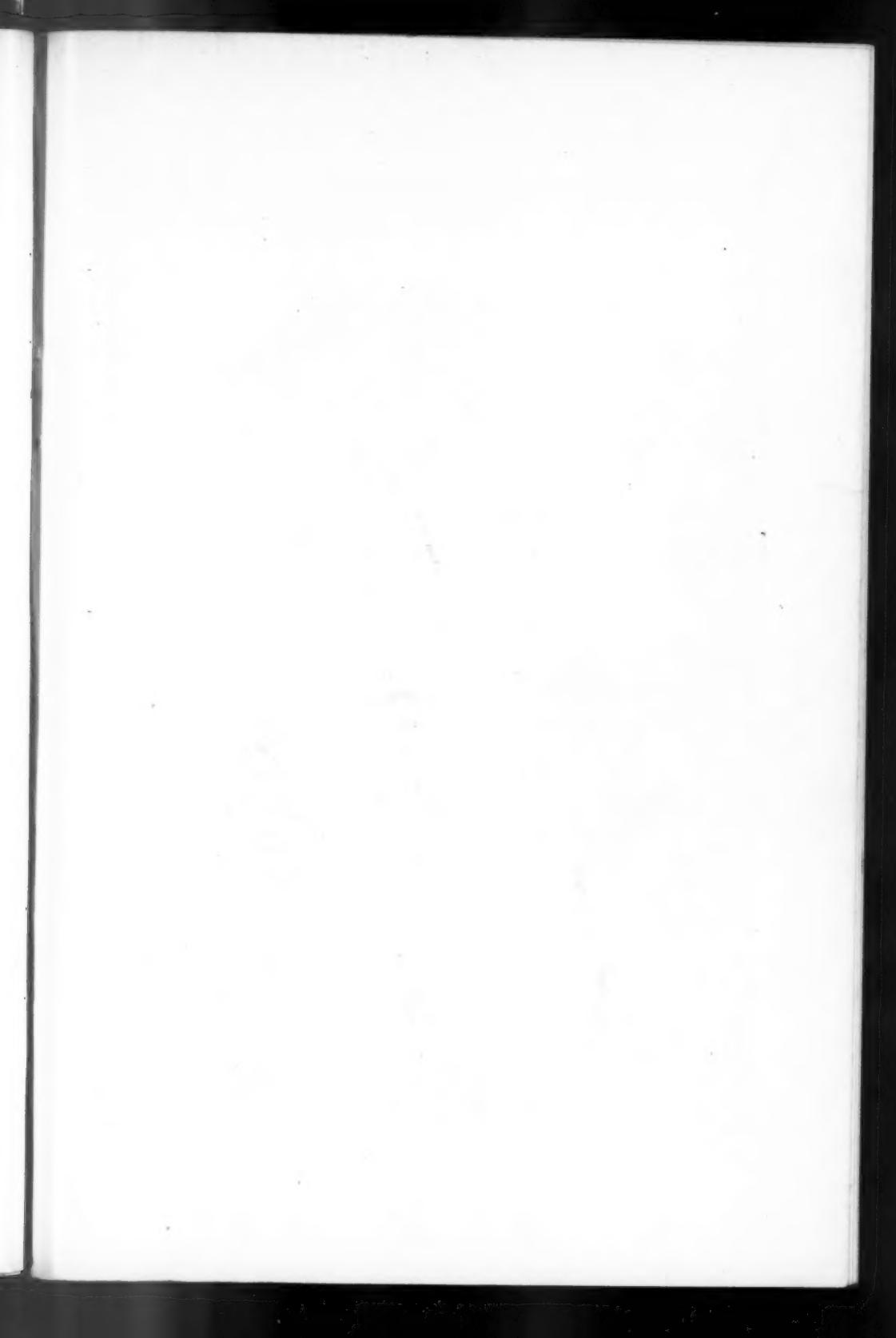
"Is it quite too late?" he cried.

She gracefully regained her customary poise. "Too late," she said. "So sorry. A curious mistake."

She smiled, amused, and rang for the man to show him out.

"It's fearfully awkward," said he, drawing on his gloves. "I'm such a deuce of a fellow for getting mixed up. I really must engage a private secretary."

O'NEILL LATHAM.





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"DRUNKEN WITH ROSES."—PAINTED BY CH. LANDELLE.